



A COMPLETE
COLLECTION
OF
OLD and NEW
English and Scotch
SONGS.
With their respective TUNES
prefixed.

NUMBER I. of VOLUME II.

L O N D O N :

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and Sold likewise at his Shop at the Cock on
Ludgate-hill. (Price Sixpence.)

M DCCXXXV.



In



But
To
We



A
Complete COLLECTION
OF
OLD and NEW
English and Scotch
SONGS.

SONG I.

*In Praise of English ROAST BEEF. The
Words and Musick by Mr. LEVERIDGE.*



WHEN mighty Roast Beef was the *Englishman's*
Food,

It ennobl'd our Veins, and enriched our Blood,
Our Soldiers were brave, and our Courtiers
were good

*Oh the Roast Beef of Old England!
and Old English Roast Beef!*

But since we have learn'd from all-conquering *France*,
To eat their Ragoûts, as well as to dance,

We are fed up with nothing but vain Complaisance,
Oh the Roast Beef of Old England! &c.

Songs and Ballads.

Our Fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,
And kept Open House with good Chear all day long,
Which made their plump Tenants rejoice in this Song.

Ob the Roast Beef of Old England ! &c.

But now we are dwindled, to what shall I name ?
A sneaking poor Race, half Begotten — and tame,
Who sully those Honours that once shone in Fame.

Ob the Roast Beef of Old England ! &c.

When good Queen *Elizabeth* sat on the Throne,
E'er Coffee and Tea, and such Slip-flops were known,
The World was in Terror, if e'er she did frown.

Ob the Roast Beef of Old England, &c.

In those days, if Fleets did presume on the Main,
They seldom or never return'd back again,
As witness, the vaunting *Armada* of *Spain*.

Ob the Roast Beef of Old England ! &c.

Oh then they had Stomachs to eat and to fight,
And when Wrongs were a cooking, to do themselves Right!
But now we're a — I cou'd — but Good-night.

Ob the Roast Beef of Old England ! &c.

Song II. *Lassie, lend me, &c.*

LASSIE, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
And I'll lend you my thripling kame ;
For fainness, deary, I'll gar ye keckle,
If ye'll go dance the Bob of Dumblane.
Haste ye, gang to the ground of ye'r trunkies,
Busk ye braw, and dinna think shame ;
Consider in time, if leading of monkies
Be better than dancing the Bob of Dumblane.

Be frank, my lassie, lest I grow fickle,
And take my word and offer again,
Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle,
Ye did nae accept of the Bob of Dumblane.
The dinner, the piper, and priest shall be ready,
And I'm grown dowy with lying my lane ;
Away then, leave baith minny and dady,
And try with me the Bob of Dumblane.

Song

Song III. *Ye happy nymphs, whose harmless hearts.*

YE happy nymphs, whose harmless hearts
No fatal sorrows prove;
Who never knew men's faithless arts,
Or felt the pangs of love.

If dear contentment is a prize,
Believe not what they say:
Their specious tales are all disguise,
Invented to betray.

Alas! how certain is our grief!
From cares how can we fly?
When our fond sex are all belief,
And man is all a lye.

Song IV. *As Granville's soft numbers tune
Myra's just praise.*

AS Granville's soft numbers tune Myra's just praise;
And Chloe shines lovely in Prior's sweet lays:
So, would Daphne but smile, their example I'd follow,
And as she looks like Venus, I'd sing like Apollo.
But alas! whilst no smiles from that fair one inspire,
How languid my strains, and how tuneless my lyre!

Go, Zephyrs, salute in soft accents my care,
And tell how I languish, sigh, pine and despair;
In sweet moving murmurs my passion commend:
But whisper it softly, for fear you offend.
For sure, O ye Nymphs, you may tell her my pain,
'Tis Strephon's to suffer, but not to complain.

Where-

Wherever I go, or whatever I do,
 Still something presents that fair Nymph to my view.
 If I traverse the garden, the garden still shows
 Her neck in the lilly, her lip in the rose:
 But with her neither lilly, nor rose can compare,
 For sweeter's her lip, and her bosom more fair.

If, forsaking the garden, I steal to the grove,
 The spring there presents the fresh bloom of my love:
 The nightingale too with impertinent noise,
 Pours forth her sweet strains in my Syren's soft voice.
 Thus the grove and its musick her image still brings:
 For like spring she looks fair, like the nightingale sings.

If, forsaking the grove, I flie to the court,
 Where beauty and splendor united resort;
 Some glimpse of my fair in each chamber I spie,
 In Richmond's fair form, and in Brudenell's bright eye.
 But alas! what would Richmond or Brudenell appear!
 Unheeded they'd pass, were my Daphne but there.

If to books I retire to drown my soft pain,
 And dwell o'er a Horace or Ovid's sweet strain;
 In Lydia or Chloe my Daphne I find:
 But Chloe was courteous, and Lydia was kind.
 Like Lydia or Chloe would Daphne but prove,
 Like Horace or Ovid I'd sing, or I'd love.



Song V. *Sweet are the Charms, &c.*

WH Y, Sylvia, will you still be shy,
And still whate'er I ask deny?
Why am I always disbeliev'd,
And with unkind disdain receiv'd?
Since you of all your sex alone,
The mistress of my heart I own.

My suit no longer disapprove,
But think that you were born for love;
That with those charms you now possess,
Some happy youth you once must bless;
And since some one so blest must be,
Oh let that happy youth be me!

Song VI. *An old Woman clothed in gray.*

TH R O' all the conditions of life,
We each of us plunder each other,
The husband he plunders his wife,
The sister she plunders her brother;
The guardian he plunders his ward,
The lawyer his client the same;
The thief plunders all, till a cord
Puts an end to his rapine and shame.

Song VII. *Wine, Wine in a Morning.*

WI N E, wine in a morning,
Makes us frolick and gay,
That like eagles we soar,
In the pride of the day;
Gouty fots of the night,
Only find a decay.

'Tis the sun ripens the grape,
And to drinking gives light;
We imitate him,
When by noon we're at height;
They steal Wine, who take it
When he's out of sight.

Boy, fill all the glasses,
 Fill them up now he shines,
 The higher he rises,
 The more he refines;
 For wine and wit fall,
 As their maker declines.

Song VIII. *Young Philander woo'd me long.*

MY dear mistress has a heart,
 Soft as those kind looks she gave me;
 When with love's resistless art,
 And her eyes she did enslave me.
 But her constancy's so weak,
 She's so wild, and apt to wander;
 That my jealous heart wou'd break,
 Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
 Killing pleasures, wounding blisses;
 She can dress her eyes in love,
 And her lips can arm with kisses.
 Angels listen when she speaks,
 She's my delight, all mankind's wonder:
 But my jealous heart would break,
 Should we live one day asunder.

Song IX. *When the bright God of Day.*

IN beauty or wit,
 No mortal as yet
 To question your empire has dar'd;
 But men of discerning,
 Have thought that in learning,
 To yield to a lady was hard.
 Impertinent schools,
 With musty dull rules,
 Have reading to ladies deny'd,
 So papists refuse
 The bible to use,
 Left flocks should be wise as their guide.

'Twas

'Twas a woman at first,
(Indeed she was curs'd)
In knowledge that tasted delight,
And sages agree,
The law should decree
To the first of possessors the right.

Then bravely, fair dame,
Renew the old claim,
That to the whole sex does belong,
And let men receive,
From a second bright Eve,
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

But as the first Eve
Hard doom did receive,
When only one apple had she,
What a punishment now,
Must be found out for you,
Who have tasted, and robb'd the whole tree?

Song X. Gi'e me a Lafs, &c.

Gi'e me a las with a lump of land,
And we for life shall gang thegither,
Tho' daft or wise, I'll never demand,
Or black or fair, it maksna whether.
I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
And blood alane is no worth a shilling,
But she that's rich, her market's made,
For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a las with a lump of land,
And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;
Gin I had anes her gear in my hand,
Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.
Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle,
Unless they bring cash, or a lump of land,
They'll never get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,
 And filler and gowd's a sweet complexion ;
 But beauty and wit, and virtue in rags,
 Have tint the art of gaining affection :
 Love tips his arrows with wood and parks,
 And castles and riggs, and muirs and meadows,
 And naithing can catch our modern sparks,
 But well tocher'd lasses, or joynter'd widows.

Song XI. Come let us prepare.

THE Macedon youth,
 Left behind him this Truth,
 That nothing is done with much thinking,
 He drunk, and he fought,
 'Till he had what he fought,
 The world was his own by good drinking.

He drench'd his brave soul,
 In a plentiful bowl,
 And cast away trouble and sorrow,
 His Head never run,
 Of what was to be done,
 For he car'd for to day, not to-morrow.

Song XII. Give me leave to rail at you.

GIVE me leave to rail at you,
 I ask nothing but my due ;
 To call you false, and then to say,
 You shall not keep my heart a day :
 But, alas ! against my will,
 I must be your captive still.
 Ah ! be kinder then, for I
 Cannot change, and would not die.

Kindness has resistless charms,
 All besides but weakly move ;
 Fiercest anger it disarms,
 And clips the wings of flying love.

Beauty does the heart invade,
 Kindness only can persuade;
 It gilds the Lover's servile chain,
 And makes the slave grow pleas'd again.

Song XIII. *The Answer.*

Nothing adds to your fond fire
 More than scorn, and cold disdain;
 I, to cherish your desire,
 Kindness us'd, but 'twas in vain,
 You insisted on your slave,
 Humble love you soon refus'd:
 Which ingloriously you us'd,
 Hope not then a pow'r to have.
 Think not, Thirsis, I will e're,
 By my love my empire lose:
 You grow constant through despair,
 Love return'd, you wou'd abuse.
 Tho' you still possess my heart,
 Scorn and rigour I must feign:
 Ah! forgive that only art
 Love has left, your love to gain.
 You that could my heart subdue,
 To new conquests ne're pretend:
 Let th' example make me true,
 And of a conquer'd foe a friend.
 Then, if e're I would complain
 Of your empire, or my chain,
 Summon all the pow'rful charms,
 And kill the rebel in your Arms.



Song XIV. *Diogenes surly and proud.*

'TIS int'rest that governs mankind
 In every state and degree;
 For justice itself waxes blind,
 When brib'd with a competent Fee:
 However the truth we disguise,
 In order to make ourselves great;
 Yet he that will open his eyes,
 May see the whole world's but a cheat.

Song XV. *Ring, ring the Bar Bell, &c.*

VULcan, contrive me such a cup,
 As Nestor us'd of old;
 Shew all thy skill to trim it up,
 Damask it round with gold.
 Make it so large, that filled with sack
 Up to the swelling brim,
 Vast toasts, on the delicious lake,
 Like ships at sea, may swim.
 Engrave not battle on his cheek,
 With war I've nought to do;
 I'm none of those that took Mastrick,
 Nor Yarmouth Leaguer knew.
 Let it no name of planets tell,
 Fixt stars or constellations;
 For I am no Sir Sydrophele,
 Nor none of his relations.
 But carve thereon a spreading vine;
 Then add two lovely boys;
 Their limbs in am'rous folds intwine,
 The type of future joys.
 Cupid and Bacchus my saints are,
 May drink and love still reign;
 With wine I wash away my care,
 And then to love again.

Song. XVI. *I am a jolly Toper.*

OF all our fond diversions,
 A hunter is the best,
 In spite of wars and party jars,
 That sport has stood the test,
And a hunting we will go, &c.

Of Nimrod, and of Esau,
 What gallant feats they tell?
 On foot they follow'd hunting,
 They lov'd the sport so well,
And a hunting we will go, &c.

O hadst thou, brave Actæon,
 But minded more thy Game,
 Thou ne'er had'st paid so dearly,
 For peeping at——*That same,*
And a hunting we will go, &c.

Herself Diana Goddess,
 The pride of female race,
 Prefer'd to am'rous fooling,
 The pleasures of the chace,
And a hunting we will go, &c.

Orion, foolish hunter,
 Lur'd by a petticoat,
 In the mid chace he loiter'd,
 And so his fate he got,
And a hunting we will go, &c.

But after this disaster,
 He's made a heav'nly sign,
 That he at least may view the sport,
 He can no longer join,
And a hunting we will go, &c.

And hence it is we hunters
 Ne'er break leg or arm:
 For this our fellow sportsman
 Protects us all from harm,
And a hunting we will go, &c.

Had Dido not lov'd hunting,
 The am'rous Trojan brave
 Her Highness ne'er had solac'd
 In Juno's friendly cave,
And a hunting we will go, &c.

Euripides, had hunting
 Been lov'd but like thy books,
 The hounds had not devour'd thee,
 They know a sportsman's looks,
And a hunting we will go, &c.

If, friend, you're call'd a hunting,
 Throw all your books aside,
 ('Tis Horace thus advises)
 And mount your horse, and ride,
And a hunting we will go, &c.

Brisk action cures the vapours,
 Th' effect of lazy sloth,
 And musick makes us chearful,
 So hunting's good for both,
And a hunting we will go, &c.

The sport of hunting renders
 Our days so sweet and long,
 It makes us better relish
 Our glasses and a song,
And a hunting we will go, &c.

Our laws prohibit hunting,
 To the Plebeian race,
 Nor is it meet the vulgar
 Should royal sports debase,
And a hunting we will go, &c.

The British Kings are hunters,
 And frequent in the chace,
 They fear no more than we do,
 A weather-beaten face.
And a hunting we will go, &c.

Then

Then fill a sparkling Bumper,
I'll take it off with glee,
To all our brother hunters,
In course his Majesty,
And a hunting we will go.

Song XVII. *Sawny and Teague, &c.*

YOU that love mirth, attend to my song,
A moment you never can better employ ;
Sawny and Teague were trudging along,
A bony Scots lad and an Irish dear-joy ;
They neither before had seen a wind-mill,
Nor had they heard ever of any such name :
As they were a walking,
And merrily talking,
At last by meer chance to a wind-mill they came.
Haha ! crys Sawny, what do you ca' that ?
To tell the right name o't I am at a loss.
Teague very readily answer'd the Scot,
Indeed I believe it'sh shaint Patrick's crofs.
Says Sawny, ye'll find your fell meikle mistaken,
For it is saint Andrew's crofs I can swear ;
For their is his bonnet,
And tartans hang on it,
The plaid and the trews our apostle did wear.
Nay, o' my shoul joy, thou tellest all lees,
For that I will shwear is shaint Patrick's coat ;
I shee't him in Ireland buying the freeze,
And that I am shure ish the shame that he bought ;
And he is a shaint mufh better than ever
Made either the covenantsh sholemn or league :
For o' my shalwashion,
He was my relashion,
And had a great kindness for honest poor Teague.
Wherefore says Teague I will by my shoul,
Lay down my napshack, and take out my beads,
And under this holy crofs' fet I will fall,
And shay pater-noshter, and shome of our creeds :
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So Teague began with humble devotion,
 To kneel down before St. Patrick's cross;
 The wind fell a-blowing,
 And set it a-going,
 And it gave our dear-joy a terrible tofs.

Sawny tehee'd, to see how poor Teague
 Lay scratching his ears, and roll on the grafs,
 Swearing, it was surely the de'il's whirly-gig,
 And none (he roar'd out) of St. Patrick's cross:
 But ish it indeed, crys he in a passion,
 The cross of our shaint that has crossht me so fore?
 Opo' my salwaishon,
 This shall be a cawshion,
 To trust to St. Patrick's kindness no more.

Sawny to Teague then merrily cry'd,
 This patron of yours is a very sad loun,
 To hit you sic a fair thump on the hide,
 For kneeling before him, and seeking a boon:
 Let me advise ye to serve our St. Andrew,
 He, by my faul, was a special gude man;
 For since your St. Patrick
 Has serv'd ye sic a triek,
 I'd see him hung up e'er I serv'd him again.

Song XVIII. *If Love's a sweet Passion.*

I'LL languish no more at the glance of your eye;
 Can view you all o'er, and ne'er fetch a deep sigh.
 No more shall your voice, Syren like, charm my heart,
 In vain you may sigh, use in vain all your art.
 No, Madam, I'm free; when I'am recreant again,
 Let me, unpity'd, feel again my old pain.
 I'll libertine turn, use all things in common;
 No more than one dish, be bound to one woman;
 Yet I'll still love the sex, but my bottle before 'em;
 I'll use 'em sometimes, but I'll never adore 'em.
 Go, Madam, be wise: when a woodcock's i' th' noose,
 Be sure hold him fast, lest like me he gets loose.

Song

Song XIX. *Tweed-Side.*

WHAT torment, ye pow'rs, I sustain!
 How my bosom is tortur'd with care!
 In pity relieve my soft pain,
 Or give me more courage to bear;
 Let me swim in an ocean of bliss,
 Or sink in a torrent of grief:
 An heav'n of delight they possess,
 Who from hell of despair have relief.

Song XX. *Hark how the Trumpet sounds to Battle.*

HARK, how the trumpet sounds to battle!
 Hark, how the thundring cannons rattle!
 Cruel ambition now calls me away,
 While I have ten thousand soft things to say.
 While honour alarms me,
 Young Cupid disarms me,
 And Celia so charms me,
 I cannot away.

Hark again, honour calls me to arms:
 Hark, how the trumpet sweetly charms!
 Celia no more then must be obey'd,
 Cannons are roaring, and ensigns display'd;
 The thoughts of promotion,
 Inspire such a notion,
 Of Celia's devotion
 I'm no more afraid.

Guard her for me, celestial powers,
 Ye Gods, bless the nymph with happy soft hours;
 O may she ever to love me incline,
 Such lovely perfections I cannot resign;
 Firm constancy grant her,
 My true love shall haunt her,
 My soul cannot want her,
 She's all so divine.

Song XXI. *'Twas when the Seas were roaring.*

Beneath a shady willow,
 Hard by a purling stream,
 A mossy bank my pillow,
 I fancy'd in a dream,
 That I the charming Phillis
 Did eagerly embrace,
 Her breast as white as lillies,
 And Rosamonda's face.

What ecstasies of pleasure
 She gave, to tell's in vain,
 When with the hidden treasure
 She blest her am'rous swain.
 Cou'd nought our joys discover,
 And I my dream believe,
 I so cou'd sleep for ever,
 And still be so deceiv'd.

But when I wak'd deluded,
 And found all but a dream,
 I fain wou'd have eluded
 The melancholy theme.
 Ye Gods, there's no enduring
 So exquisite a pain;
 The wound is past all curing,
 That Cupid gave the swain.

Song XXII. *Thus Kitty beautiful and young.*

Phillis, be gentler, I advise;
 Make up for time mispent;
 When beauty on its death-bed lies,
 'Tis high time to repent.
 Such is the malice of your fate,
 That makes you old so soon;
 Your pleasure ever comes too late,
 How early e'er begun.

Think:

Think what a wretched thing is she,
Whose stars contrive in spite,
The morning of her love should be
Her fading beauty's night.

Then if, to make your ruin more complete,
You'll peevishly be' coy,
Die with the scandal of a whore,
And never know the joy.

Song XXIII. *Happy Clown.*

H I D from himself, now by the dawn
He starts as fresh as roses blawn,
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn
After his bleating flocks.

Heathful, and innocently gay,
He chants and whistles out the day;
Untaught to smile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.

Life happy from ambition free,
Envy and vile hypocrisy,
Where truth and love with joys agree,
Unfollied with a crime:
Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
In proping of their pride and state;
He lives, and unafraid of fate,
Contented spends his time.

Song XXIV. *There liv'd long ago in a Country Place.*

W HEN I visit proud Celia just come from my glass,
She tells me I'am fluster'd, and look like an ass;
When I mean of my passion to put her in mind,
She bids me leave drinking, or she'll ne'er be kind.
That she's charmingly handsome I very well know,
And so is my bottle each brimmer so too;
And to leave my soul's joy; oh! 'tis nonsen'e to ask;
Let her go to the devil, bring t'other full flask.

Had she tax'd me with gaming, and bade me forbear,
 'Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an ear.
 Had she found out my Chloris, up three pair of stairs,
 I had baulk'd her, and gone to St. James's to prayers.
 Had she bade me read Homilies three times a day,
 She perhaps had been humour'd, with little to say;
 But at night to deny me my flask of dear Red,
 Let her go to the devil, there's no more to be said.

XXV. *As Archers and Fiddlers, &c.*

AS archers and fiddlers, who cunningly know
 The way to procure themselves merit,
 Will always provide 'em two strings to their bow,
 And follow their bus'ness with spirit.

So likewise the provident damsel should do,
 Who'd make the best use of her beauty,
 If the mark she would hit, or her lesson pass thro',
 Two lovers must still be on duty.

Thus arm'd against chance, and secure of supply,
 So far our revenge we may carry:
 One spark for our sport we may jilt and set by,
 And t'other poor soul we may marry.

XXVI. *My Apron, Deary.*

AH Chloe! thou treasure, thou joy of my breast,
 Since I parted from thee, I'm a stranger to rest:
 I fly to the grove, there to languish and mourn,
 There sigh for my charmer, and long to return.
 The fields all around me are smiling and gay,
 But they smile all in vain——my Chloe's away:
 The field and the grove can afford me no ease——
 But bring me my Chloe, a desert will please.

No virgin I see that my bosom alarms,
 I'm cold to the fairest, tho' glowing with charms;
 In vain they attack me, and sparkle the eye,
 These are not the looks of my Chloe, I cry:

The looks where bright love like the sun sits enthron'd,
 And smiling diffuses his influence round,
 'Twas thus I first view'd thee, my charmer, amaz'd;
 Thus gaz'd thee with wonder, and lov'd while I gaz'd.

Then, then the dear fair one was still in my sight,
 It was pleasure all day, it was rapture all night;
 But now by hard fortune remov'd from my fair,
 In secret I languish, a prey to despair.
 But absence and torment abate not my flame,
 My Chloe's still charming, my passion the same;
 O! would she preserve me a place in her breast,
 Then absence would please me, for I should be blest.

Song XXVII. *Love bid me hope.*

LOVE bid me hope, and I obey'd:
 Phillis continu'd still unkind:
 Then you may e'en despair, he said,
 In vain I strive to change her mind.

Honour's got in, and keeps her heart;
 Durst he but venture once abroad,
 In my own right I'd take your part,
 And shew myself a mightier God.

This huffing Honour domineers
 In breasts, where he alone has place;
 But if true gen'rous Love appears,
 The hector dares not shew his face.

Let me still languish, and complain,
 Be most inhumanly deny'd:
 I have some pleasure in my pain,
 She can have none with all her pride.

I fall a sacrifice to Love,
 She lives a wretch for Honour's sake;
 Whose tyrant does most cruel prove,
 The diff'rence is not hard to make.

Consider

Consider Real Honour then,
 You'll find hers cannot be the same ;
 'Tis noble confidence in men,
 In women mean mistrustful shame.

Song XXVIII. *Sure ne'er was a dog, &c.*

SURE ne'er was a dog so wretched as I,
 Whose rest is for ever prevented ;
 I'm neither at peace when Aurelia looks coy,
 Nor when she looks kind am contented.

Her frowns give a pain I'm unable to bear,
 The thoughts of them set me a trembling :
 Her smiles give no Joy, since I plaguily fear
 The'y can be no more than dissembling.

Then prithee, my dearest, consent and be kind,
 Put an end to this troublesome wooing ;
 For I see I shall ne'er be at peace in my mind
 Till once you and I have been doing.

Let your poor dog no longer with justice complain,
 Of usage that's hard above measure ;
 But since he has tasted so much of Love's pain,
 Prithee fling him a bit of his pleasure.

Song XXIX. *What cruel pains, &c.*

WHAT cruel pains Corinna takes,
 To force that harmless frown !
 When not one charm her face forsakes,
 Love cannot lose his own.

So sweet a face, so soft a heart,
 Such eyes so very kind,
 Betray, alas ! the silly art
 Virtue had ill design'd.

Poor feeble tyrant ! who in vain
 Would proudly take upon her,
 Against kind nature to maintain
 Affected rules of honour.

The scorn she bears so helpless proves,
When I plead passion to her,
That much she fears (but more she loves)
Her vassal should undo her.

Song XXX. *Oh what Pleasures will abound.*

OH what pleasures will abound,
When I've got ten thousand pound !
O how courted I shall be !
Oh what lords will kneel to me !
Who'll dispute my
Wit and beauty
When my golden charms are found ?
O what flattery,
In the lottery,
When I've got ten thousand pound !

Song XXXI. *Room, Room for a Rover.*

FRail's the bliss of woman,
Fleeting as a shade ;
While we pity no man,
Goddeses we're made :
If our favour's wanting,
To their wants we're kind ;
Ruin'd by our granting,
We no favour find.

Birds for kind complying,
Love their females more ;
We're lov'd for denying,
Scorn'd when we implore.
While on ev'ry tree,
Cherry, cherry, sing the small birds,
Terry, terry, sing the black birds,
Happier far than we.

Song XXXII. *An Age, &c.*

AN age in her embraces past,
 Would seem a winter's day;
 Where life and light, with envious haste,
 Are torn and snatch'd away.

But, oh! how slowly minutes rowl,
 When absent from her eyes;
 That feed my love, which is my soul,
 It languishes and dies.

For then no more a soul, but shade,
 It mournfully does move;
 And haunts my breast, by absence made
 The living tomb of love.

You wiser men despise me not;
 Whose love-sick fancy raves
 On shades of souls, and heaven knows what;
 Short ages live in graves.

When e'er those wounding eyes, so full
 Of sweetness, you did see;
 Had you not been profoundly dull,
 You had gone mad like me.

Nor censure us, you who perceive
 My best belov'd and me
 Sigh and lament, complain and grieve,
 You think we disagree.

Alas! 'tis sacred jealousy,
 Love rais'd to an extream;
 The only proof 'twixt her and me,
 We love, and do not dream.

Fantastick fancies fondly move,
 And in frail joys believe,
 Taking false pleasure for true love;
 But pain can ne'er deceive.

Kind jealous doubts, tormenting fears,
And anxious cares, when past ;
Prove our hearts treasure fixt and dear,
And make us blest at last.

Song XXXIII. *The utmost Grace, &c.*

THE utmost grace the Greeks could shew,
When to the Trojans they grew kind,
Was with their arms to let them go,
And leave their lingring wives behind.
They beat the men, and burnt the town,
Then all the baggage was their own.

There the kind deity of wine
Kiss'd the soft wanton God of love ;
This clapt his wings, that press'd his vine,
And their best pow'rs united move.
While each brave Greek embrac'd his punk,
Lull'd her asleep, and then grew drunk.

Song XXIXV. *When first I saw those Lips,
those Eyes.*

IF from the lustre of the sun,
To catch your fleeting shade you run,
In vain is all your haste, Sir ;
But if your feet reverse the race,
The fugitive will urge the chace
And follow you as fast, Sir.

Thus, if at any time, as now,
Some scornful Chloe you pursue,
In hopes to overtake her ;
Be sure you ne'er too eager be,
But look upon't — as cold as she,
And seemingly forsake her.

So I and Laura t'other day,
Were coursing round a cock of hay,
While I could ne'er o'er get her ;

But when I found I ran in vain,
Quite tir'd, I turned back again,
And flying from her, met her.

Song XXXVIII. *If Love's a sweet Passion.*

A Pox of this fooling, and plotting of late,
What a pother and stir has it kept in the state !
Let the rabble run mad with suspicions and fears,
Let them scuffle, and jar, till they go by the ears ;
Their grievances never shall trouble my pate,
So I can enjoy my dear bottle in state.

What coxcombs were those, who would barter their ease,
And their necks for a toy, a thin wafer and mass !
At old Tyburn they never had needed to swing,
Had they been but true subjects to drink, and their king ;
A friend and a bottle is all my design ;
He has no room for treason, that's top full of wine.

I mind not the members and makers of laws ;
Let them sit or prorogue, as his Majesty please :
Let them damn us to woollen, I'll never repine
At my lodging when dead, so alive I have wine :
Yet oft in my drink I can hardly forbear
To curse them for making my claret so dear.

Song XXXIX. *Dainty Davie.*

While fops in saft Italian verse,
Ilk fair ane's een and breast rehearse,
While sangs abound and scene is scarce,
These lines I have indited :
But neither darts nor arrows here,
Venus nor Cupid shall appear,
And yet with these fine sounds I swear,
The maidens are delighted.

*I was ay telling you,
Lucky Nanfy, lucky Nanfy,
Auld springs wad ding the new,
But ye wad never throw me.*

Nor snaw with crimson will I mix,
 To spread upon my lassie's cheeks ;
 And syne the unmeaning name prefix,
Miranda, Chloë, or Phillis.
 I'll fetch nae smile frae Jove,
 My height of extasy to prove,
 Nor sighing. — thus — present my love
 With roles eek and lillies.
I was ay telling you, &c.

But stay, — I had amais't forgot
 My mistress, and my sang to boot,
 And that's an unco' faut I wate :
 But Nanfy, 'tis nae matter.
 Ye see I clink my verse wi' rhyme,
 And ken ye, that atones the crime ;
 Forby, how sweet my numbers chime,
 And slide away like water.
I was ay telling you, &c.

Now ken, my reverend sonfy fair,
 Thy runckled cheeks and lyart hair,
 Thy haff shut een and hodling air,
 Are a' my passion's fewel.
 Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see,
 Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee ;
 Yet thou has charms anew for me,
 Then smile, and be na cruel.
*Leeze me on thy snawy pow,
 Lucky Nanfy, lucky Nanfy,
 Dryest wood will eitheft low,
 And Nanfy sae will ye now.*

'Troth I have sung the sang to you.
 Which ne'er anither bard wad do ;
 Hear then my charitable vow,
 Dear venerable Nanfy.

But

Nor

But if the world my passion wrang,
 And say, ye only live in sang,
 Ken I despise a slandering tongue,
 And sing to please my fancy.
Leez me on thy, &c.

Song. XL. Bessy Bell.

WHEN a lady like me, condescends to agree
 To let such a jackanapes taste her ;
 With what zeal and care, should he worship the fair,
 Who gives him——what's meat for his master ?
 His actions should still
 Attend on her will,
 Hear, firrah, and take it for warning,
 To her he should be
 Each night on his knee,
 And so he should be on each morning.

Song XLI. As Fiddlers and Archers, &c.

THE lads that would know how to manage a man,
 Let her listen and learn it from me,
 His courage to quell, or his heart to trepan,
 As the time and occasion agree.

The girl that has beauty, tho' small be her wit,
 May wheedle the clown, or the beau,
 The rake may repel, or may draw in the cit,
 By the use of that pretty word, No.

When powder'd toupees around are in chat,
 Each striving his passion to show,
 With kifs me, and love me, my dear, and all that,
 Let her answer to all be, O No.

When a dose is contriv'd to lay virtue asleep,
 A present, a treat, or a ball,
 She still must refuse, if her empire she keep,
 And No be her answer to all.

But when Mr. Dapperwit offers his hand,
 Her partner in wedlock to go ;

A horse, and a coach and a jointure in land,
She's an idiot if then she says No.

And when she's attack'd by a youth full of charms,
Who's courtship proclaims him a man,
When press'd to his bosom, and clasp'd in his arms,
Then let her say No if she can.

Song. XLII. *Help me, each harmonious Grove.*

HELP me, each harmonious grove,
Gently whisper, all ye trees,
Tune each warbling throat to love,
And cool each mead with softest breeze.
Breathe sweet odours, ev'ry flow'r,
All your various paintings show;
Pleasing verdure grace each bow'r,
Around let ev'ry blessing flow.
Glide, ye limpid brooks, along;
Phœbus, glance thy mildest ray;
Murm'ring floods, repeat my song,
And tell what Colin dare not say.
Cælia comes! whose charming air
Fires with love the rural swains;
Tell, ah! tell the blooming fair,
That Colin dies, if she disdains.

Song XLIII. *Black Ey'd Susan.*

YE Powers! was Damon then so blest,
To fall to charming Delia's share;
Delia, the beauteous maid, possesst
Of all that's soft, and all that's fair:
Here cease thy bounty, O indulgent Heav'n,
I ask no more, for all my wish is given.

I came, and Delia smiling show'd,
She smil'd, and show'd the happy name;
With rising joy my heart o'erflow'd,
I felt and blest the new-born flame.
May softest pleasures ceaseless round her move,
May all her nights be joy, and days be love.

She

A Complete Collection of

She drew the treasure from her breast,
 That breast where love and graces play,
 O name, beyond expression blest !
 Thus lodg'd with all that's fair and gay.
 To be so lodg'd, the thought is extasy !
 Who would not wish in paradise to lie ?

Song XLIV. *O London is a fine Town.*

IN ancient days I've heard, with horns
 The wife her spouse cou'd fright ;
 Which now the hero bravely scorns,
 So common is the fight.

To city, country, camp, or court,
 Or wheresoe'er he go,
 No horned brother dares make sport,
 They're cuckolds all arow.

Song XLV. *With tuneful pipe and merry
glee.*

RAnging the plain, one summer's night,
 To pass a vacant hour,
 I fortunately chanc'd to light
 On lovely Phillis' bow'r.
 The nymph, adorn'd with thousand charms,
 In expectation sat
 To meet those joys in Strephon's arms,
 Which tongue cannot relate.

Upon her hand she lean'd her head,
 Her breasts did gently rise ;
 That ev'ry lover might have read,
 Her wishes in her eyes.
 At ev'ry breath that moves the trees,
 She suddenly would start ;
 A cold on all her body seiz'd,
 A trembling on her heart.

But

But he that knew how well she lov'd,
Beyond his hour had stay'd ;
And both with fear and anger mov'd
The melancholy maid,
Ye Gods, said she, how oft he swore,
He would be here by one !
But now, alas ! 'tis fix, and more,
And yet he is not come.

Song XLVI. *If Love's a sweet Passion.*

SAY, good master Bacchus, astride on your butt,
Since our champagne's all gone, and our claret's run
out ;
Which of all the brisk wines in your empire that grow,
Will serve to delight your poor drunkards below ?
Resolve us, grave sir, and soon send it over,
Lest we die, lest we die of the sin of be'ng sober.

Song XLVII. *Tweed-Side.*

W^Hat beauties does *Flora* disclose !
How sweet are her smiles upon *Tweed* !
Yet *Mary's* still sweeter than those ;
Both nature and fancy exceed.
Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
Not all the gay flow'rs of the field,
Not *Tweed* gliding gently thro' those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The black-bird, and sweet cooing dove,
With musick enchant ev'ry bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring,
We'll lodge in some village on *Tweed*,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
 Does *Mary* not 'tend a few sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excell,
 No beauty with her may compare;
 Love's graces all round her do dwell,
 She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding *Tay*,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the *Tweed*?

Song XLVIII. *Come fill me a Glass.*

COME, fill me a glass, fill it high,
 A bumper, a bumper I'll have:
 He's a fool that will flinch, I'll not bate an inch,
 Tho' I drink myself into my grave.
 Here's a health to all those jolly souls,
 Who like me will never give o'er,
 Whom no danger controuls, but will take off their bowls,
 And merrily stickle for more.
 Drown reason and all such weak foes,
 I scorn to obey her command;
 Cou'd she ever suppose I'd be led by the nose,
 And let my glass idly stand?
 Reputation's a bugbear to fools,
 A foe to the joys of dear drinking,
 Made use of by tools, who'd set us new rules,
 And bring us to politick thinking.
 Fill 'em all, I'll have six in hand,
 For I've trifl'd an age away:
 'Tis in vain to command, the fleeting sand
 Rowls on, and cannot stay.

Come,

Come, my lads, move the glafs, drink about,
 We'll drink the universe dry;
 We'll fet foot to foot, and drink it all out,
 If once we grow sober, we die.

Song XLIX. *Saw ye my Peggy.*

COME let's ha'e mair wine in,
 Bacchus hates repining,
 Venus loos nae dwining,

Let's be blyth and free.
 Away with dull, here t'ye, fir;
 Ye're mistress, *Robie*, gi'es her,
 We'll drink her health wi' pleasure,
 Wha's belov'd by thee.

Then let Peggy warm ye.
 That's a lais can charm ye,
 And to joys alarm ye,
 Sweet is she to me.
 Some angel ye wad ca' her,
 And never wish ane brawer,
 If ye bare-headed saw her
 Kiltet to the knee.

Peggy a dainty lass is,
 Come let's join our glasses,
 And refresh our haules
 With a health to thee.
 Let coofs their cash be clinking,
 Be statesmen tint in thinking,
 While we with love and drinking
 Give our cares the lie.

Song L. *Christ-Church Bells.*

HARK! the bonny Christ-church bells 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,
 They sound so woundy great,
 So wond'rous sweet,
 And they troul so merrily, merrily.

Hark! the first and second bell,
 That every day at four and ten
 Cries come to pray'rs,
 And the virger troops before the dean.
 Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the small bell at nine,
 To call the beerers home,
 But the dev'l a man
 Will leave his can,
 Till he hears the mighty Tom.

Song LI. Logan Water.

TELL me, Hamilla, tell me why
 Thou dost from him that loves thee run?
 Why from his soft embraces fly,
 And all his kind endearments shun?

So flies the fawn, with fear oppress'd,
 Seeking its mother ev'ry where,
 It starts at ev'ry empty blast,
 And trembles when no danger's near.

And yet I keep thee but in view,
 To gaze the glories of thy face,
 Not with a hateful step pursue,
 As age, to rifle every grace.

Cease then, dear wildness, cease to toy,
 But haste all rivals to outshine,
 And grown mature, and ripe for joy,
 Leave mama's arms, and come to mine.

Song LII. Gentle Zephyrs, silent Shades.

GEntle Zephyrs, silent glades,
 Purling streams and cooling shades,
 Senses pleasing,
 Pains appeasing,
 Love each tender breast invades.

Here the graces beauties bring,
 Here the warbling chorists sing,
 Love inspiring,
 All desiring
 To adorn the infant spring.

Here

Here behold the am'rous swains,
Free from anguish, free from pains,
Nymphs complying,
Cares beguiling,
Venus smiling, glads the plains.

Let not us, too charming fair,
Be the only hapless pair;
Oh relieve me,
Cease to grieve me,
Ease your anxious lover's care!

Kindly here indulge my love,
This is, my dear, no tell-tale grove;
Not revealing,
But concealing
All in love, propitious prove.

In thy air and charming face,
Dwells an irresistible grace,
Ever charming,
Love alarming,
To pursue the blissful chase.

Let me touch this panting breast,
Here for ever let me rest,
Bliss enjoying,
Never cloying,
Ever loving, ever blest.

Song LIII. I loo'd a bonny Lady.

TELL me, tell me, charming creature,
Will you never ease my pain?
Must I die for every feature?
Must I always love in vain?
The desire of admiration
Is the pleasure you pursue:
Pray thee try a lasting passion,
Such a love as mine for you.

Tears

Tears and sighing could not move you ;
 For a lover ought to dare :
 When I plainly told I lov'd you,
 Then you said I went too far.
 Are such giddy ways befeeming ?
 Will my dear be fickle still ?
 Conquest is the joy of women,
 Let their slaves be what they will.

Your neglect with torments fills me,
 And my desp'rate thoughts increase ;
 Pray confider, if you kill me,
 You will have a lover less.
 If your wand'ring heart is beating
 For new lovers, let it be :
 But when you have done coquetting,
 Name a day, and fix on me.

Song LIV. *Auld lang syne.*

SHould auld acquaintance be forgot,
 Tho' they return with scars ?
 'These are the noble hero's lot,
 Obtain'd in glorious wars :
 Welcome, my Varo, to my breast,
 Thy arms about me twine,
 And make me once again as blest,
 As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each bough,
 A thousand Cupids play,
 Whilst thro' the groves I walk with you,
 Each object makes me gay :
 Since your return the sun and moon
 With brighter beams do shine,
 Streams murmure soft notes while they run,
 As they did lang syne.

Despile

Songs and Ballads.

Despise the court and din of state;
Let that to their share fall,
Who can esteem such slav'ry great,
While bounded like a ball:
But sunk in love, upon my arms
Let your brave head recline,
We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,
As we did lang syne.

O'er moor and dale, with your gay friend,
You may pursue the chace,
And, after a blyth bottle, end
All cares in my embrace:
And in a vacant rainy day
You shall be wholly mine;
We'll make the hours run smooth away,
And laugh at lang syne.

The hero, pleas'd with the sweet air,
And signs of generous love,
Which had been utter'd by the fair,
Bow'd to the pow'rs above:
Next day, with consent and glad haste,
Th' approach'd the sacred shrine;
Where the good priest the couple blest,
And put them out of pine.

Song LV. The Lass of Peaty's Mill.

THE lass of Peaty's Mill,
So bony, blyth, and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
Hath stole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn,

To

To age it would give youth,
To press 'em with his hand.
Thro' all my spirits ran
An extacy of bliss,
When I such sweetness fand
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
Like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
When e'er she spoke or smil'd.
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
Hoptoun's high mountains fill,
Insur'd long life and health,
And pleasures at my will ;
I'd promise and fulfill,
That none but bony she,
The lass of Peaty's Mill,
Shou'd share the fame wi' me.

Song LVI. Waft me some soft and cooling Breeze.

YOUR tender girls, when first their hands
Are join'd in Hymen's magick bands,
Fondly believe they shall maintain
A long, uninterrupted reign :
But to their cost, too soon they prove,
That marriage is the bane of love.
The phantom, duty, damps its fire, &
And clips the wings of fierce desire.

But lovers in a diff'rent strain,
Express, as well as ease their pain :
Ever smiling, ever fair,
To please us is their only care :

And

Songs and Ballads.

41

And as their flame finds no decay,
They only covet we should pay
In the same coin ; and that, you know,
Is always in our pow'r to do.

Song LVII. *One April Morn as from the Sea.*

L Ifetta, why so wond'rous coy,
When youth invites to pleasure ?
Think you that love's a lasting joy,
That one may taste at leisure ?

Consider better, I advise,
The question I am stating,
That beauty fades, occasion flies,
While you're the point debating.

Tho' now insensible as fair,
And all my vows disdaining,
You take delight in my despair,
And mock my fond complaining :

When age, shall seize you yet a maid,
And all those lovely tresses,
Where Cupid sits in ambuscade,
And scatters thousand graces,

Shall fall defenceless from your head,
And love his camp remove ;
Those sparkling eyes look sunk and dead,
That now so fatal prove :

When that Vermillion on your face,
That does the rose outvie,
To deadly paleness shall give place,
And lose its crimson dye :

Then (mark me) as the faithful glass,
The dismal change betrays,
You'll cry, how mad was I to pass,
So ill my youthful days !

But oh! too late my fault I own,
 (None can past youth renew)
 I'm ever destin'd to bemoan,
 The joys I never knew.

Song LVIII. *Begging we will go:*

HOW well may life be term'd a play,
 The world be call'd a stage,
 On which all having cast their parts!
 Turn players of the stage.
And a stroling they will go, &c.

On world, as on the Theatre,
 'Tis hard for to excell,
 Where there are twenty that act ill,
 There's scarce one can act well.
Tho' a Stroling, &c.

Few their own characters expose,
 But follow common rule,
 Dull formal blockheads great men play,
 And great men play the fool.
Thus a Stroling, &c.

Like heroes, Politicians
 In pomp their part rehearse,
 But, should you look behind the scenes,
 'Tis all but humble farce.
Tho' a stroling they, &c.

Since then that we are actors all,
 On us your censure spare,
 And, in indulgence to the stage,
 Support a brother play'r.
Or a stroling, &c.

Hold, hold, the audience I'll harangue,
 E'er that the curtain fall,
 This rhyming sing-song poet here
 Perhaps has damn'd us all.
And a stroling, &c.

Unless this small attempt to please,
 You with your favour crown,
 No feigned play-house we shall let,
 But e'en must let our own.
And a stroling, &c.

Song LIX. *When first Pastora came to Town.*

AH *Cælia*! while with studious care
 You turn each ringlet of your hair,
 'I think how the moments glide away,
 That soon, alas! shall turn them gray.

Dress and paint then lay aside,
 Of borrow'd beauty leave the pride:
 Studied art and vain disguise,
 Men admire, but despise.

Cælia, cultivate your mind,
 That may yet admirers find;
 Care on that were justly plac'd,
 Since its beauties ever last.

Song LX. *Do not ask me, &c.*

A Woman's ware, like China,
 Now cheap now dear is bought;
 When whole tho' worth a guinea,
 When broke's not worth a groat.

A woman at St. James's,
 With hundreds you obtain;
 But stay till lost her fame is,
 She'll be cheap in Drury-lane.

Song LXI. *Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.*

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 They were twa bonny lasses,
 They bigg'd a bower on yon burn-brae,
 And theek'd it o'er wi' rashes.

Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er cou'd alter ;
 But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
 They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair like a lint-tap ;
 She smiles like a May morning,
 When Phoebus starts frae Thetis' lap,
 The hills with rays adorning :
 White is her neck, fast is her hand,
 Her waste and feet's fu' genty ;
 With ilka grace she can command ;
 Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a crow,
 Her eyes like diamonds glances ;
 She's ay fae clean, redd up and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances :
 Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming tite and tall is ;
 And guides her airs fae gracefu' still,
 O Jove ! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 Ye unco fair oppress us ;
 Our fancies jee between you twa
 Ye are sic bonny lasses :
 Wae' me ! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stented ;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
 And be with ane contented:

Song LXII. Would you have a young Virgin, &c.

IF the heart of a man is depressed with cares,
 The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears ;
 Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly
 Raises the spirits, and charms our ears.

Roses

Roses and lillies her cheek disclose,
But her ripe lips are more sweet than those.

Press her,
Carefs her,
With blisses
Her kisses

Dissolve us in pleasure, and soft repose.

Song LXIII. *Bony Jean.*

L O V E's goddess in a myrtle grove,
Said, Cupid, bend thy bow with speed,
Nor let the shaft at random rove,
For Jeany's haughty heart must bleed.
The smiling boy, with divine art,
From Paphos shot an arrow keen,
Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
And kill'd the pride of bony Jean.

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
Refuses Willy's kind address;
Her yielding blushes shew no care,
But too much fondness to suppress.
No more the youth is fullen now,
But looks the gayest on the green,
Whilst every day he spies some new
Surprizing charms in bony Jean.

A thousand transports crowd his breast,
He moves as light as fleeting wind,
His former sorrows seem a jest,
Now when his Jeany is turn'd kind:
Riches he looks on with disdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean;
The chearful hound and horn give pain,
If absent from his bony Jean.

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,
Which even in summer shortn'd seems;
When sunk in down, with glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.

All charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
 Than Troy's prize, the Spartan Queen ;
 With breaking day, he lifts his fight,
 And pants to be with bony Jean.

Song LXIV. *Gently touch the warbling Lyre.*

IF Corinna would but hear
 What impatient love cou'd say,
 She would banish idle fear,
 And with ease his laws obey ;
 She would soon approve the song,
 Like the voice, and bless the tongue.

Since to silence I'm confin'd,
 Sighs and ogles must declare,
 What torments my thoughtful mind ;
 How I wish, and how despair :
 All the motions of my heart,
 Sighs and ogles must impart.

Song LXV. *Alexis shunn'd, &c.*

A*Lexis shunn'd his fellow swains,
 Their rural sports and jocund strains,
 (Heaven guard us all from Cupid's bow)
 He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
 And wand'ring through the lonely rocks,
 He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came,
 His grief some pity, others blame ;
 The fatal cause all kindly seek :
 He mingled his concern with theirs,
 He gave them back their friendly tears,
 He sigh'd ; but could not speak.

Clorinda came among the rest,
 And she too, kind concern express,

And

T
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And ask'd the reason of his woe :
She ask'd ; but with an air and mein,
As made it easily foreseen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head,
And will you pardon me, he said,
While I the cruel truth reveal ;
Which nothing from my breast should tear,
Which never should offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell ?

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain ;
You are the cause of all my care :
Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart ;
Ten thousand torments vex't my heart ;
I love, and I despair.

Too much, Alexis, I have heard,
'Tis what I thought ! 'tis what I fear'd !
And yet I pardon you, she cry'd :
But you shall promise, ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or speak your pain.
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

Song LXVI. *To this Moment, &c.*

TO this moment a rebel, I throw down my arms,
Great love, at first sight of Olinda's bright charms :
Made proud, and secure by such forces as these,
You may now play the tyrant as soon as you please.
When innocence, beauty, and wit do conspire
To betray, and engage, and inflame my desire :
Why should I decline what I cannot avoid,
And let pleasing hope by base fear be destroy'd ?

Her innocence cannot contrive to undo me.
Her beauty's inclin'd, or why shou'd it pursue me ?
And wit has to pleasure been ever a friend ;
Then what room for despair, since delight is love's end.

There

There can be no danger in sweetness and youth,
Where love is secur'd by good nature and truth :
On her beauty I'll gaze, and of pleasure complain,
While ev'ry kind look adds a link to my chain.

'Tis more to maintain, than it was to surprise,
But her wit leads in triumph the slave of her eyes :
I beheld, with the loss of my freedom before,
But hearing, for ever must serve and adore.

Too bright is my goddess, her temple too weak :
Retire, divine image ! I feel my heart break.
Help, love, I dissolve in a rapture of charms,
At the thought of those joys I shou'd meet in her arms.

Song LXVII. *'Twas when the Seas were roaring.*

HOW cruel are the traytors,
Who lye and swear in jest,
To cheat unguarded creatures,
Of virtue, fame, and rest !
Whoever steals a shilling,
Through shame the guilt conceals ;
In love the perjur'd villain,
With boasts the theft reveals.

Song LXVIII. *Lillibullero.*

THE modes of the court so common are grown,
That a true friend can hardly be met ;
Friendship for int'rest is but a loan,
Which they let out for what they can get.
'Tis true, you find
Some friends so kind,
Who will give you good counsel themselves to defend,
In sorrowful ditty,
They promise, they pity,
But shift you for money, from friend to friend.

Song

Song LXIX. *Why so pale and wan.*

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
 Prithee, why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
 Prithee, why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't?
 Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! this will not move,
 This cannot take her;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her:
 The devil take her.

Song LXX. *As May in all her youthful Dress.*

WHEN all that lies beneath the sun
 Is scorch'd, or melted with his fire:
 How comes it, Phillis, you alone
 Glow not from weather nor desire?

Like snowy mountains, chill and high,
 Tow'ring you still o'er-look mankind;
 Whilst at your feet we burning lie,
 Thee, brightest nymph, all frost we find.

Our dog-days from the sun and you,
 Must the scorch'd world at once receive?
 Your ice, like him, inflames us too,
 And does redoubled ardours give.

Your eyes that set our souls on fire,
 The part of burning-glasses play;
 Whilst they remain themselves entire,
 Yet dart thro' ours love's burning ray.

ns.
ring.

end,

Song

Song LXXI. *Moggy Lawther on a Day.*

SURE woman was at first design'd
 As nature's richest treasure,
 To sooth the passion of mankind,
 With each bewitching pleasure.
 But she in ev'ry state of life,
 E'er since the first creation,
 Whethet as widow, maid, or wife,
 Still proves our whole vexation.

Song LXXII. *My friend and I.*

MY friend and I
 We drank whole piss-pots
 Full of sack up to the brim :
 I drank to my friend,
 And he drank his pot,
 So we put about the whim :
 Three bottles and a quart
 We swallow'd down our throat
 (But hang such puny sips as these)
 We laid us all along,
 With our mouths unto the bung,
 And tip'd whole hogheads off with ease.

I heard of a fop
 That drank whole tankards,
 Stil'd himself the prince of sots :
 But I say now, hang
 Such silly drunkards,
 Melt their flaggons, break their pots.
 My friend and I did join
 For a cellar full of wine,
 And we drank the vintner out of door ;
 We drank it all up
 In a morning, at a sup,
 And greedily rov'd about for more.

My friend to me
 Did make this motion,
 Let us to the vintage skip :
 Then we embark'd
 Upon the ocean,
 Where we found a Spanish ship,
 Deep laden with wine,
 Which was superfine,
 The sailors swore five hundred tun :
 We drank it all at sea,
 E'er we came unto the key,
 And the merchant swore he was quite undone.

My friend, not having
 Quench'd his thirst,
 Said, let's to the vineyards haste :
 Straight then we sail'd
 To the Canaries,
 Which afforded just a taste ;
 From thence unto the Rhine,
 Where we drank up all the wine,
 Till Bacchus cry'd, hold ye sots, or you die,
 And swore he never found,
 In his universal round,
 Such thirsty souls as my friend and I.

Out fie ! crys one,
What a beast he makes him !
He can neither stand nor go.
 Out you beast, you,
 You'er much mistaken,
 When e'er knew you a beast drink so ?
 'Tis when we drink the least,
 That we drink most like a beast ;
 But when we carouse it fix in hand,
 'Tis then, and only then,
 That we drink the most like men,
 When we drink till we can neither go nor stand.

Song LXXIII. *Come to my Arms, &c.*

COME to my arms, my treasure,
 Thou spring of all my joy,
 Without thy aid all pleasure
 Must languish, fade and die.
 In vain is all resistance,
 When arm'd with thy assistance
 What fair one can deny?
 Then fill around the glasses,
 And thus we'll drink and chant,
 May all the dear kind lasses
 Have all they wish or want.

Song LXXIV. *Down in the North Country.*

DOWN in the north country,
 As ancient reports do tell,
 There lies a famous country town,
 Some call it merry Wakefield;
 And in this country town
 A farmer there did dwell,
 Whose daughter would to market go
 Her treasure for to sell.
 As she was travelling along,
 Over hills and mountains high,
 It was her chance to lose her way,
 Where a shepherd she did spy.
 O shepherd! O shepherd! quoth she,
 Many days to you God send,
 I am a maid, and shall be undone,
 Unless you stand my friend.
 O'er hills and mountains high,
 E'er since the break of day,
 I have been travelling many a mile,
 And cannot find my way.

Come

Come sit thee down by me,
 The shepherd reply'd with a smile,
 And I'll show thee a nearer way,
 Than this by a full long mile.
 The shepherd sate him down,
 The fair maid she drew nigh,
 He pull'd out his bag pipes wond'rous sweet,
 And play'd melodiously :
 He play'd her such a tune,
 That he made this fair maid sing,
 O the musick of thy bag-pipes sweet,
 Makes all my nerves to ring!
 O shepherd! O shepherd! quoth she,
 If the time would but permit it;
 I pray now play it over again,
 For fear I should forget it.
 He play'd it over once again,
 As he had done before,
 And gave this fair maid much delight,
 It pleas'd her more and more.
 My dearest swain, quoth she,
 A thousand times adieu;
 And, if ever I chance to lose my way,
 To find it, I'll come to you.

Song LXXV. *I'll range around the shady
 Bowers.*

Liberia's all my thought and dream,
 She's all my pleasure and my pain;
 Liberia's all that I esteem,
 And all I fear is her disdain.

Her wit, her humour, and her face,
 Please beyond all I felt before;
 Oh! why can't I admire her less?
 Or dear Liberia love me more?

Like

Like stars, all other female charms
 Ne'er touch my heart, but feast mine eye ;
 For she's the only sun that warms,
 With her alone I'd live and die.

Immortal pow'rs, whose work divine,
 Inspires my soul with so much love,
 Grant your Liberia may be mine,
 And then I share your joys above.

Song LXXVI. *Leave off, &c.*

L Eave off your foolish prating,
 Talk no more of Whig and Tory,
 But drink your glass,
 Round let it pass,
 The bottle stands before ye,
 Fill it up to the top,
 Let the night with mirth be crown'd,
 Drink about, see it out,
 Love and friendship still go round.

If claret be a blessing,
 'This night devote to pleasure ;
 Let worldly cares,
 And state affairs,
 Be thought on at more leisure :
 Fill it up to the top,
 Let the night with joy be crown'd,
 Drink about, see it out,
 Love and friendship still go round.

If any is so zealous,
 To be a party-minion,
 Let him drink like me,
 We'll soon agree,
 And be of one opinion :
 Fill your glass, name your lass,
 See her health go sweetly round,
 Drink about, see it out,
 Let the night with joy be crown'd.

Song LXXVII. *Down the Burn, Davie.*

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd, fair to see;
 When Mary was compleat fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her ee,
 Blyth Davie's blinks her heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free,
 Gang down the Burn, Davie love,
 And I shall follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass,
 That dwelt on this Burn-side,
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride;
 Her cheeks were rosy red and white,
 Her een were bonny blue;
 Her locks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the Burn they took their way,
 What tender tales they said,
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
 And with her bosom play'd:
 'Till baith, at length, impatient grown
 To be mair fully blest,
 In yonder vale they ligg'd them down;
 Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
 And naething, sure, unmeet;
 For, ganging hame, I heard them say,
 They lik'd a walk sae sweet;
 And that they often shou'd return,
 Sic pleasure to renew;
 Quoth Mary, love, I like the Burn,
 And ay shall follow you.

Song LXXVIII. *While the Lover, &c.*

WHile the lover is thinking,
 With my friend I'll be drinking,
 And with vigour pursue my delight;
 While the fool is designing
 His fatal confining,
 With Bacchus I'll spend the whole night.

With the God I'll be jolly,
 Without madness or folly,
 Fickle woman to marry implore;
 Leave my bottle and friend,
 For so foolish an end!
 When I do, may I never drink more.

Song LXXIX. *Celia, let not Pride, &c.*

Celia, let not pride undo you,
 Love and life fly swiftly on;
 Let not Damon still pursue you,
 Still in vain, till love is gone.
 See how fair the blooming rose is,
 See by all how justly priz'd;
 But when it its beauty loses,
 See the wither'd thing despis'd.

When these charms that youth have lent you,
 Like the roses are decay'd,
 Celia, you'll too late repent you,
 And be forc'd to die a maid!
 Die a maid! die a maid! die a maid!
 Celia, you'll too late repent you,
 And be forc'd to die a maid!

Song LXXX. *By Moon-light on the Green.*

BY moon-light, on the green,
 Our bonny lasses cooing,
 One dancing there I've seen,
 Who seem'd alone worth wooing;
 Her skin like driv'n snow,
 Her hair brown as a berry,
 Her eyes black as a floe,
 Her lips red as a cherry.
 Oh how she tript it, skipt it,
 Leapt it, stept it,
 Whiskt it, friskt it,
 Whirl'd it, twirl'd it;
 Swimming, springing,
 Starting so quick,
 The tune to nick!
 With a heave and a tofs,
 And a jerk at parting.
 With a heave and a tofs,
 And a jerk at parting.

As she fat down, I bow'd,
 And veil'd my bonnet to her;
 Then took her from the crowd,
 With honey words to woo her;
 Sweet blithest lass, quoth I,
 It is bleak weather,
 I prithee let us try
 Another dance together.
Oh how she, &c.

Whilst suing thus I stood,
 Quoth she, pray leave your fooling,
 Some dancing heats the blood;
 But yours, I fear, lacks cooling.

Still for a dance I pray'd,
 And we, at last, had seven ;
 And whilst the fiddle play'd,
 She thought herself in heaven.
Oh how she, &c.

At last, she, with a smile,
 To dance again desir'd me ;
 Quoth I, pray stay a while,
 For now, good faith, ye've tir'd me :
 With that she look'd upon me,
 And sigh'd with muckle sorrow,
 Then gang your ways, quoth she,
 But dance again to-morrow.
Oh how she, &c.

Song LXXXI. *Bessy Bell, and Mary Gray.*

HOW sweetly smells the simmer green !
 Sweet taste the peach and cherry ;
 Painting and order please our een,
 And claret makes us merry :
 But finest colours, fruits and flow'rs,
 And wine, tho' I be thirsty,
 Lose a' their Charms, and weaker powers,
 Compar'd to those of Christy.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
 No nat'ral beauty wanting,
 How lightsome is't to hear the lark,
 And birds in consort chanting !
 But if my Christy tunes her Voice,
 I'm rapt in admiration,
 My thoughts with extacies rejoice,
 And drap the hale creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
 I take the happy omen,
 And after mint to make advance,
 Hoping she'll prove a woman :

But,

But, dubious of my ain desert,
My sentiments I smother,
With secret sighs I vex my heart,
For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate Edie, by a burn,
His Christy did o'erhear him,
She doughtna let her lover mourn,
But, e'er he wist, drew near him.
She spake her favour with a look,
Which left nae room to doubt her,
He wisely this white minute took,
And flang his arms about her.

My Christy! — witness bonny stream,
Sic joy frae tears arising,
I wish this may na be a dream;
O love the maist surprising!
Time was too precious now for tauk,
This point of a' his wishes,
He wadna with set speeches bauk,
But waird it a' on kisses.

Song LXXXII. *Upbraid me not, &c.*

UPbraid me not, capricious fair,
With drinking to excess;
I should not want to drown despair,
Was your indifference less.
Love me, my dear, and you shall find,
When this excuse is gone;
That all my joys when Chloe's kind,
Are fix'd on her alone.
The god of wine to beauty yields with joy;
For Bacchus only drinks (like me, like me,
Like me) when Ariadne's coy.

Song LXXXIII. *From rosy bowers, &c.*

FROM rosy bowers, where sleeps the god of love,
 Hither, ye little waiting Cupids, fly ;
 Teach me, in soft melodious song, to move
 With tender passion my heart's darling joy :
 Ah! let the soul of musick tune my voice,
 To win dear Strephon, who my soul enjoys.

Or if more influencing
 Is, to be brisk and airy,
 With a step and a bound,
 And a frisk from the ground,
 I'll trip like any fairy :

As once on Ida dancing,
 Were three celestial bodies,
 With an air and a face,
 And a shape and a grace,
 Let me charm like beauty's gooddeffs.

Ah! ah! 'tis in vain, 'tis all in vain,
 Death and despair must end the fatal pain ;
 Cold despair, disguis'd like snow and rain,
 Falls on my breast; black winds in tempests blow :
 My veins all shiver, and my fingers glow ;
 My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,
 And to a solid lump of ice my poor fond heart is froze.

Or say, ye powers, my peace to crown,
 Shall I thaw myself, or drown
 Amongst the foaming billows,
 Increasing all with tears I shed ;
 On beds of Ooze and crystal pillows
 Lay down my love-sick head ?

No, no, I'll straight run mad,
 That soon my heart will warm ;
 When once the sense is fled,
 Love has no power to charm :

Wild thro' the woods I'll fly,
My robes and locks shall thus be tore;
A thousand thousand deaths I'll die,
E'er thus in vain, e'er thus in vain adore.

Song LXXXIV. *The bonny grey-ey'd Morn.*

'TIS woman that seduces all mankind;
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts:
Her very eyes can cheat; when most she's kind,
She tricks us of our money with our hearts.
For her, like wolves by-night, we roam for prey,
And practise ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms:
For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And beauty must be feed into our arms.

Song LXXXV. *There was a jovial Beggar.*

THE stone that all things turns at will
To gold, the chymist craves;
But gold, without the chymist's skill,
Turns all men into knaves.
And a cheating they will go, &c.

The merchant wou'd the courtier cheat,
When on his goods he lays
Too high a price — but, faith, he's bit,
For a courtier ne'er pays:
And a cheating, &c.

The lawyer, with a face demure,
Hangs him who steals your pelf;
Because the good man can endure
No robber but himself.
And a cheating, &c.

Betwixt the quack and highwayman,
What diff'rence can there be?
Tho' this with pistol, that with pen,
Both kill you for a fee.
And a cheating, &c.

The husband cheats his loving wife,
 And to a mistress goes,
 While she at home, to ease her life,
 Carouses with the Beaus.
And a cheating, &c.

The tenant doth the steward nick,
 (So low this art we find)
 The steward doth his lordship trick,
 My lord tricks all mankind.
And a cheating, &c.

One sect there are, to whose fair lot
 No cheating arts do fall,
 And those are parsons call'd god wot,
 And so I cheat you all.
And a cheating, &c.

Song LXXXVI. *As sparks fly, &c.*

AS sparks fly upwards, man is born
 To sorrow, and to trouble ;
 But he that takes to him a wife,
 Doth make his burthen double ;
 For women we have always found,
 In strife and mischief to abound ;
 Of man they make a bubble,
 Of man they make a bubble.

Oh ! Job, he was a patient man,
 He liv'd in spite of the devil,
 Tho' goods and chattels all were lost,
 Yet Job was very civil ;
 But when he took to him a nurse,
 She prov'd indeed his greatest curse,
 Ah ! she prov'd his greatest evil, &c.

Oh ! Sampson was a mighty man,
 He fill'd the world with wonder ;
 With jaw bone he Philistines slew,
 His blows did sound like thunder ;

But

But when with Dalilah he toy'd,
The forcerefs soon his strength destroy'd,
She quickly brought him under, &c.

King David was an upright man,
I tell you now no fiction ;
Until that Beersheba he saw,
That pretty pleasing vixen :
When he her naked body view'd
He found his goodness soon subdu'd,
She wrought him great affliction, &c.

King Solomon, the wisest man
That ever toy'd with woman,
When he had try'd the sex all round,
The virtuous and the common ;
They're all alike, he wisely cry'd,
Vexation, vanity and pride,
They merit praise of no man, &c.

The poor man he goes out to work
As hard as he is able ;
At night when he comes home well tir'd,
She bids him rock the cradle ;
And if the same he doth refuse ;
The saucy pufs will him abuse,
And thumps him with the ladle, &c.

The thief that rides up Holborn hill,
To Oliver Cromwell's palace ;
May find some friend perchance step in,
To save him from the gallows ;
Oh no ! cries he, drive on to gib,
I'll ne'er be slave to my own rib,
Drive on the cart, good fellow, &c.

Song LXXXVII. *Cotillon.*

Youth's the season made for joys,
Love is then our duty ;
She alone who that employs,
Well deserves her beauty.

Let's be gay,
While we may,
Beauty's a flower despis'd in decay.
Youth's the Season, &c.

Let us drink and sport to-day,
Ours is not to-morrow;
Love with youth flies swift away,
Age is nought but sorrow.
Dance and sing,
Time's on the wing,
Life never knows the return of spring.
Let us drink, &c.

Song LXXXVIII. *How can I be sad on my
Wedding-Day.*

HOW shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
That has better sense than any of thae
Sour weak filly fellows, that study like fools
To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools?
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or with dull reproaches encourages strife;
He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

Song LXXXIX. *Nansy's to the Green Wood
gane.*

I Yield, dear lassie, you have won,
And there is nae denying,
That sure as light flows frae the sun,
Frae love proceeds complying;
For a' that we can do or say,
'Gainst love nae thinker heeds us,
They ken our bosoms lodge the fae,
That by the heart-strings leads us.

Song XC. *Young Bacchus, &c.*

Young Bacchus, when merry, bestriding his tun,
 Proclaimed a neighbourly feast ;
 The first that appear'd was a man of the gown,
 A jolly parochial Priest ;
 He fill'd up his bowl, drank a health to the Church,
 Preferring it to the King,
 Altho' he long since had left both in the lurch,
 Yet he canted like any thing.

The next was a talkative blade (whom we call
 A Doctor of the Civil Law)
 He guzzl'd and drank up the devil and all,
 As fast as the drawer could draw ;
 But a health to all nobles he stily deny'd,
 Tho' lustily he could swill,
 Because, still the faster the quality dy'd,
 It brought the more grist to his mill.

The next a Phyfician to ladies and lords,
 Who eases all sickness and pain,
 And conjures distempers away with hard words,
 Which he knows is the head of his gain ;
 He stept from his coach, fill'd his cup to the brim,
 And quaffing, did freely agree,
 That Bacchus, who gave us such cordial to drink,
 Was a better phyfician than he.

The next was a Justice who never read law,
 With twenty informers behind,
 On free-coft he tippl'd, and still bid them draw,
 Till his worship had drank himself blind ;
 Then reeling away, they rambl'd in quest
 Of drunkards and jilts of the town,
 That they might be punish'd, to frighten the rest,
 Except they would drop him a crown.

The fifth was a tricking Attorney at law,
 By tally men chiefly employ'd,
 Who lengthen'd his bill with co-hy and mawdraw,
 And a thousand such items beside ;
 The healths that he drank, were to Westminster-hall,
 And to all the grave dons of the gown ;
 Rependum in Petro, durementum in Paul,
 Such Latin sure never was known.

The last that appear'd was a Soldier in red,
 With his hair doubl'd under his hat,
 Who was by his trade a fine gentleman made,
 Tho' as hungry and poor as a rat ;
 He swore by his God, tho' he liv'd by his King,
 Or the help of some impudent punk,
 That he would not depart, till he made the but sing,
 And himself most confoundedly drunk.

Song XCI. Cald Kale in Aberdeen.

CAuld be the rebel's cast,
 Oppressors base and bloody,
 I hope we'll see them at the last
 Strung a' up in a woody.
 Blest be he of worth and sense,
 And ever high his station,
 That bravely stands in the defence
 Of conscience, king and nation.

XCII. A Country Life is sweet.

FREE from confinement and strife,
 I'll plow thro' the ocean of life,
 To seek new delights,
 Where beauty invites,
 But ne'er be confin'd to a wife.

The man that is free,
Like a vessel at sea,
After conquest and plunder may roam,
But when either confin'd
By wife or by wind,
'Tho' for glory design'd,
No advantage they find,
But rot in the harbour at home.

Song XCIII. Mucking of Geordy's Byer.

THE laird who in riches and honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor tenants, who labour
'To rise aboon poverty :
Else like the pack-horse that's unfother'd,
And burden'd, will tumble down faint ;
Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
And rackers aft tine the rent.

Song XCIV. Jeany, where hast thou been.

O Jeany, Jeany, where has thou been?
Father and mother are seeking of thee.
Ye have been ranting, playing the wanton,
Keeping of Jocky company.
O Betty, I've been to hear the mill clack,
Getting meal ground for the family,
As fow as it gade I brang hame the sack,
For the miller has taken nae mowter frae me.

Ha! Jeany, Jeany, there's meal on your back,
The miller's a wanton Billy, and flee,
Tho' victual's come hame again hale, what reck,
I fear he has taken his mowter off thee.
And Betty, ye spread your linnen to bleech,
When that was done, where cou'd you be?
Ha! las, I saw ye slip down the hedge,
And wanton Willy was following thee.

Ay Jeany, Jeany, ye gade to the kirk;
 But when it skail'd, where cou'd thou be?
 Ye came nae hame 'till it was mirk,
 They say the kissing clerk came w'ye.
 O filly lassie, what will thou do?
 If thou grow great, they'll heez the hie.
 Look to your fell, if Jock prove true:
 The clerk frae creepies will keep me free.

Song XCV. *My Chloë, &c.*

MY Chloë, why d'ye slight me,
 Since all you ask you have?
 No more with frowns affright me,
 Nor use me like a slave.
 Good-nature to discover,
 Use well your faithful lover;
 I'll be no more a rover,
 But constant to my grave.

Could we but change condition,
 My griefs would all be flown;
 Poor I, the kind physician,
 And you the patient grown.
 All own you're wond'rous pretty,
 Well shap'd, and also witty;
 Enforc'd by gen'rous pity,
 Then make my case your own:

The pow'rs who kindly gave us;
 And form'd our shape and mind,
 Too surely would enslave us,
 Were they like you inclin'd:
 Then goodness be your duty,
 Or I must bid adieu t'ye;
 Let them, with all your beauty,
 Be merciful and kind,

The silver swan, when dying,
Has most melodious lays,
Like him, when life is flying,
In songs I'll end my days :
But know, thou cruel creature,
My soul shall mount the fleetier,
And I shall sing the sweeter,
By warbling forth your praise.

Song XCVI. *Willy was a wanton wag.*

WILLY was a wanton wag,
The blytheft lad that e'er I saw,
At bridals still he bore the brag,
And carried ay the gree awa :
His doublet was of Zetland shag,
And wow ! but Willy he was braw,
And at his shouder hang a tag,
That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw ;
And ay whatever Willy said,
It was still hadden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the weapon-shaw,
Upon the green nane durst him brag,
The fiend a ane amang them a'.

And was not Willy well worth gowd ?
He wan the love of great and sma' ;
For after he the bride had kifs'd,
He kifs'd the lasses hale sale a'.
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When be the hand he led them a',
And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
By virtue of a standing law.

And was na Willy a great lown,
 As shyre a lick as e'er was seen?
 When he danc'd with the lasses round,
 The bridegroom speer'd where he had been.
 Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,
 With bobbing, faith, my shanks are fair;
 Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
 For Willy he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willy, I'll gae out,
 And for a wee fill up the ring;
 But, shame light on his souple snout,
 He wanted Willy's wanton fling.
 Then straight he to the bride did fare,
 Says, well's me on your bonny face,
 With bobbing Willy's shanks are fair,
 And I am come to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance,
 And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
 Unless like Willy ye advance:
 (O! Willy has a wanton leg)
 For we't he learns us a' to steer,
 And formast ay bears up the ring;
 We will find nae sic dancing here,
 If we want Willy's wanton fling.

Song XCVII. *Here's a Whimwham new come
 over.*

MY love is all madnes and folly,
 Alone I lie,
 Toss, tumble, and cry,
 What a happy creature is Polly!
 Was e'er such a wretch as I!
 With rage I redden like scarlet,
 That my dear inconstant varlet,

Stark

Stark blind to my charms,
Is lost in the arms
Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot,
Stark blind to my charms,
Is lost in the arms
Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot,
This, this my resentment alarms.

Song XCVIII. Black Joak.

THE more we see of human kind,
The more deceits and tricks we find,
In every land, as well as Spain:
For wou'd we hope to thrive,
Upon the mountains we must live;
For nought but rogues in vales remain.
The miser and the man will trick,
The mistress and the maid will nick;
For rich and poor
Are rogue and whore,
There's not one honest man in a score,
Nor woman true in twenty-four.

Song XCIX. Cam lend, &c.

CAM lend, lend y'ar lugs Joes, an ise speeke a song.
Sing heom agen Jocky, sing heom agen Jocky.
O nes bonny deeds, an hes prowes emong;
Sing heom agen, heom agen, O valent Jocky:

Sirs, Jocky's a mon held o mickle note,
Sing heom agen Jocky, &c.
Tha breech o tha covenant stuck in hes throte;
Sing heom agen, heom agen, &c.

For Jocky wes riteous, whilke ye wad admire;
Sing heom agen, &c.
He foughit for tha kirke, bet a plunder'd tha quire;
Sing heom agen, heom agen, &c.

An Jocky waxt roth an toll Anglond a cam,
Sing heom agen, &c.

Fro whance he'd returne, bet alack a is lam ;
Sing heom agen, heom agen, &c.

An Jocky wes armed fro top toll toe,
Sing heom agen, &c.

Wi a poowre o men, and th'are geod duke I tro ;
Sing heom agen, heom agen, &c.

Sa valent I wis thay wer, and fa prat,
Sing heom agen, &c.

Ne cock nor hen durst stond in their gat ;
Sing heom agen, heom agen, &c.

In every streete thay ded fa flutter,
Sing heom agen, sing heom agen, &c.
Ne child dorst shaw hes bred an butter ;
Sing heom again, heom again, &c.

Noow whan oour ferces thay herd on ore night ;
Sing heom agen, &c.

Next morn thay harness themselves for a fight ;
Sing heom agen, heom agen, &c.

Thare deuke was tha mon that wad be sen floote,
Sing heom again, &c.

He fecc't us a while, stret twurn'd arfs about ;
Sing heom agen, heom agen, &c.

Our men that ater thes valent Scot weant,
Sing heom agen, &c.

Had ner fond him oout bet by a strong sent,
Sing heom agen, heom agen, O valent Jocky.



Song C. *Chloe proves false, &c.*

CHloe proves false, but still she's charming;
 Nature like beauty her temper has made;
 Subject to change,
 O'er each heart she will range;
 Always alarming,
 Ever disarming,
 Never dismay'd.

Banish my senses, or let her not slight me;
 Love ne'er was made to inherit disdain;
 Love is a bubble,
 That gives mankind trouble;
 Reflecting ecstasy,
 Drops with the simile
 Airy and vain.

Sure Venus gave her that face to deceive me,
 And gave the boy but one arrow would fly;
 Haste to thy mother,
 And beg for another;
 Chloe, the mark must be,
 Make her to pity me,
 E'er that I die.

Song CI. *Gold and raw.*

A Virgin once was walking along
 In the sweet month of July,
 Blooming, beautiful, and young,
 She met with a swain unruly;
 Within his arms the nymph he caught,
 And swore he'd love her truly;
 The maid remember'd, the man forgot
 What past in the month of July.

Song CII. *Phillis, the lovely, &c.*

Phillis, the lovely, the charming, and fair,
 Pity your Strephon, that loves to despair;
 Pity, dear nymph, a poor languishing swain,
 And doom not the hopes of a lover in vain.

Cupid, direct her, and make her inclin'd,
 Tell her, her Strephon will ever be kind;
 Tell her he languishes, tell her he dies,
 And waits the physician that dwells in her eyes.

Crowns are but trifles to Phillis's charms,
 Cupid convey her secure to my arms:
 Then may blest Strephon for ever remain
 The first in a cottage, a happy young swain.

Song CIII. *William and Margaret, &c.*

TWas at the fearful midnight hour,
 When all were fast asleep,
 In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
 And stood at William's feet.

Her face was pale like April morn,
 Clad in a wintry cloud;
 And clay-cold was her lilly hand
 That held her fable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear.
 When youth and years are flown:
 Such is the robe that kings must wear,
 When death has left their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flour
 That sips the silver dew;
 The rose was budded in her cheek,
 Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker worm,
Consum'd her early prime:
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

Awake! — she cry'd, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave:
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghosts complain,
And aid the secret fears of night,
To fright the faithless man.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath,
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

How could you say, my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why said you, that my eyes were bright,
Yet left these eyes to weep?

How could you swear, my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witlefs maid,
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair;
These lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sifter is ;
 This winding-sheet I wear :
 And cold and weary lasts our night,
 Till that last morn appear.

But hark ! — the cock has warn'd me hence—
 A long and late adieu !
 Come see, false man ! how low she lies,
 That dy'd for love of you.

The lark sung out, the morning smil'd,
 And rais'd her glist'ring head ;
 Pale William quak'd in every limb ;
 Then, raving, left his bed,

He hy'd him to the fatal place
 Where Margaret's body lay,
 And stretch'd him o'er the green grafs turf
 That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
 And thrice he wept full fore :
 Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
 And word spoke never more.

Song CIV. *Do not ask me, charming Phillis.*

FOrbid me not to enquire
 Why you meet me here alone,
 Can Damon have desire
 That he's afraid to own ?
 That he's, &c.

If not to behold the beauty
 Of the flow'rs that crown the spring,
 Proceed, and do your duty,
 But do not name the thing,
 But do not, &c.

As the sun displays the roses,
 When the beams play gently in,
 Your Phillis ne'er opposes,
 Nor thinks true love a sin,
 Nor thinks, &c.

Then fear not my denying,
 Why should'st thou fearful be?
 Prevent more torments flying,
 And thou shalt happy be,
 And thou, &c.

On this bank of pinks and lillies,
 Say no more of what you'd do,
 I'll be your loving Phillis,
 And be belov'd by you,
 And be, &c.

Then why should I conceal it,
 Since my eyes with yours do own,
 Yet let not us reveal it,
 But in pleasures all alone,
 But in, &c.

Song CV. *The Sun was sunk, &c.*

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,
 The western cloud was lin'd with gold:
 Clear was the sky, the wind was still,
 The flocks were penn'd within the fold;
 When in the silence of the grove,
 Poor Damon thus despair'd of love.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose,
 From the hard rock or oozy beech?
 Who from each weed that barren grows,
 Expects the grape or downy peach?
 With equal faith may hope to find
 The truth of love in womankind.

No flocks have I, or fleecy care,
 No fields that wave with golden grain,
 No pastures green, or gardens fair,
 A woman's venal heart to gain;
 Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
 Whose whole estate, alas! is love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
 Since womens hearts are bought and sold!
 They ask no vows of sacred truth;
 When e'er they sigh, they sigh to gold.
 Gold can the frowns of scorn remove; —
 Thus I am scorn'd, — who have but love.

To buy the gems of India's coast,
 What wealth, what riches would suffice?
 Yet India's shore could never boast,
 The lustre of thy rival eyes:
 For there the world too cheap must prove;
 Can I then buy? — who have but love.

Then, Mary, since nor gems, nor ore,
 Can with thy brighter self compare,
 Be just, as fair, and value more,
 Than gems or ore, a heart sincere:
 Let treasure meaner beauties prove;
 Who pays thy worth, must pay in love.

Song CVI. Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses.

LOve's a dream of mighty treasure,
 Which in fancy we possess;
 In the folly lies the pleasure,
 Wisdom always makes it less.

When we think, by passion heated,
 We a goddess have in chase.
 Like Ixion we are cheated,
 And a gaudy cloud embrace.

Happy

Happy only is the lover,
Whom his mistress well deceives;
Seeking nothing to discover,
He contented lives at ease.

But the wretch that wou'd be knowing
What the fair one would disguise,
Labours for his own undoing,
Changing happy, to be wise.

Song CVII. The Twitcher.

A Damsel, I'm told,
Of delicate mold,
Whose father was dead, to enrich her,
Of all her fine things,
Lace, ribbons, and rings,
Priz'd nothing so much as her twitcher, poor girl,
Priz'd nothing, &c.

The youth all round,
With courtship profound,
Try'd every art to bewitch her;
But she was so chaste,
She'd not be embrac'd
By any thing else but her twitcher, 'poor girl,
By any thing, &c.

Each offer'd his self,
In exchange for herself,
If to him the parson might stitch her;
But still she reply'd,
She'd never be ty'd
To any thing else but her twitcher, poor girl,
To any thing, &c.

But Cupid grown wild,
To see himself foil'd,
Resolv'd to find ways to bewitch her,
And humble her pride,
Whatever betide,

He scorn'd to give way to the twitcher, poor girl,
He scorn'd, &c.

Brisk

Brisk Strephon the young,
 Whole am'rous tongue
 Was baited with words to bewitch her,
 The God did prepare,
 To combat the fair,
 And try'd to outrival her twitcher, poor girl,
 And try'd, &c.

Young Strephon drew nigh her,
 And flush'd with desire,
 Try'd kisses and oaths to bewitch her;
 He prattl'd and toy'd,
 But still she reply'd,
 Pish, let go the hold of my twitcher, poor girl,
 Pish, let go, &c.

But this cunning spark
 So well took his mark,
 He found out the way to o'er-reach her;
 He gave her a trip,
 Which happen'd to slip
 The mystical knot of her twitcher, poor girl,
 The mystical knot, &c.

And thus having ended
 The thing he intended,
 Who knows what he did to bewitch her,
 She cry'd, no, no, no;
 But yet I can't go:
 Now do what you will with my twitcher, dear boy,
 Now do, &c.



Song CVIII. *Montrose's Lines.*

I Toss and tumble thro' the night,
And wish th' approaching day,
Thinking when darkness yields to light,
I'll banish care away ;
But when the glorious sun doth rise,
And cheer all nature round,
All thoughts of pleasure in me dies ;
My cares do still abound.

My tortur'd and uneasy mind
Bereaves me of my rest ;
My thoughts are to all pleasure blind,
With care I'm still oppress'd :
But had I her within my breast,
Who gives me so much pain,
My raptur'd soul would be at rest,
And softest joys regain.

I'd not envy the god of war,
Bless'd with fair Venus' charms,
Nor yet the thundring Jupiter,
In fair Alcmena's arms :
Paris with Helen's beauty blest,
Wou'd be a jest to me ;
If of her charms I were possess'd,
Thrice happier I wou'd be.

But since the Gods do not ordain
Such happy fate for me,
I dare not 'gainst their will repine,
Who rule my destiny.
With sprightly wine I'll drown my care,
And cherish up my soul ;
When e'er I think on my lost fair,
I'll drown her in the bowl,

Song CIX. *With tuneful Pipe, &c.*

WITH tuneful pipe, and hearty glee,
 Young Waty wan my heart ;
 A blyther lad ye cou'dna see,
 All beauty without art.
 His winning tale
 Did soon prevail
 To gain my fond belief ;
 But soon the swain
 Gangs o'er the plain,
 And leaves me full, and leaves me full,
 And leaves me full of grief.

Tho' Colin courts with tuneful sang,
 Yet few regard his mane ;
 The lasses a' 'round Waty thrang,
 While Colin's left alane :
 In Aberdeen
 Was never seen
 A lad that gave sic pain,
 He daily wanes,
 And still pursues,
 Till he does all, till he does all,
 Till he does all obtain.

But soon as he has gain'd the blifs,
 Away then does he run,
 And hardly will afford a kifs,
 To silly me undone :
 Bony Katy
 Maggy, Beatty,
 Avoid the roving swain ;
 His wyly tongue
 Be sure to shun,
 Or you, like me ; or you like me,
 Like me will be undone.

Song CX. *Ah! how sweet it is to love!*

AH! how sweet it is to love!
 Ah! how gay is young desire!
 And what pleasing pains we prove,
 When first we feel a lover's fire!
 Pains of love are sweeter far,
 Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown,
 Do but gently heave the heart:
 E'en the tears they shed alone,
 Cure, like tickling balm, their smart.
 Lovers when they lose their breath,
 Bleed away, an easy death.

Love and time with rev'rence use,
 Treat 'em like a parting friend;
 Nor the golden gifts refuse,
 Which in youth sincere they send:
 For each year their price is more,
 And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring tides, full and high,
 Swells in ev'ry youthful vein;
 But each tide does less supply,
 Till they quite shrink in again;
 If a flow in age appear,
 'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

Song CXI. *Leader-haugs.*

THE morn was fair, fast was the air,
 All nature's sweets were springing;
 The buds did bow with silver dew,
 Ten thousand birds were singing:
 When on the bent, with blyth content,
 Young Jamie sang his marrow,
 Nae bonnier lass e'er tread the grass
 On Leader-haugs and Yarrow.

How sweet her face, where every grace
 In heavenly beauty's planted;
 Her smiling een, and comely mein.
 That nae perfection wanted.
 I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
 But blest my bonny marrow:
 If her dear smile my doubts beguile,
 My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

Yet tho' she's fair, and has full share
 Of every charm enchanting,
 Each good turns ill, and soon will kill
 Poor me, if love be wanting.
 O bonny lass! have but the grace
 To think, e'er ye gae furer,
 Your joys maun flir, if ye commit
 The crying sin of murder.

My wandering ghaist will ne'er get rest,
 And night and day affright ye:
 But if you're kind, with joyful mind
 I'll study to delight ye.
 Our years around with love thus crown'd,
 From all things joys shall borrow;
 Thus none shall be more blest than we
 On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

O sweetest Sue! 'tis only you
 Can make life worth my wishes,
 If equal love your mind can move
 To grant this best of blessings.
 Thou art my sun, and thy least frown
 Would blast me in the blossom:
 But if thou shine, and make me thine,
 I'll flourish in thy bosom.

Song CXII. *Turn, Sophia, turn away.*

TURN, Sophia, turn away
 Those charming killing eyes,
 They lead my wandering heart astray,
 And all my sense surprize.

Upon that lovely angel's face,
 Who can gaze, and not admire?
 Who that face, that air, that grace
 Can once behold, and not admire?

Song CXIII. *Why will Florilla, when I gaze.*

WHEN first I fought fair Celia's love,
 And ev'ry charm was new,
 I swore by all the Gods above,
 To be for ever true.

But long in vain did I adore,
 Long wept and sigh'd in vain;
 She still protested, vow'd, and swore,
 She ne'er would ease my pain.

At last o'ercome, she made me blest,
 And yielded all her charms;
 And I forsook her, when posselt,
 And fled to others arms.

But let not this, dear Celia, now
 Thy breast to rage incline;
 For why, since you forget your vow,
 Shou'd I remember mine?

Song CXIV. *The Widow, &c.*

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew.
 The widow can shape, and the widow can sew,
 And many braw things the widow can do;
 Then have at the widow my ladie,

With

With courage attack her baith early and late,
 To kiss her and clap her ye mauna be blate ;
 Speak well and do better, for that's the best gate
 To win a young widow, my ladie.

The widow she's youthsful, and never a hair
 The har of the wearing, and has a good skair
 Of every thing lovely ; she's witty and fair,
 And has a rich jointure, my ladie.

What cou'd ye wish better your pleasure to crown,
 Than a widow, the boniest toast in the town,
 With naithing, but draw in your stool and sit down,
 And sport with the widow my ladie ?

Then till'er, and kill'er with courtesie dead,
 Tho' stark love and kindness be all ye can plead ;
 Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed,
 With a bonny gay widow, my ladie.

Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,
 For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
 But ruins the woer that's thowless and cauld,
 Unfit for the widow my ladie.

Song CXV. *Gently touch the warbling Lyre.*

YOU I love, by all that's true,
 More than all things here below ;
 With a passion far more great
 Than e'er creature loved yet ;
 And yet still you cry forbear,
 Love no more, or love not here.

Bid the miser leave his oar,
 Bid the wretched sigh no more ;
 Bid the old be young again,
 Bid the nun not think of man :
 Sylvia, when you this can do,
 Bid me then not think of you.

Love's not a thing of choice, but fate;
What makes me love, makes you to hate:
Sylvia then do what you will,
Ease, or cure, torment, or kill;
Be kind, or cruel, false, or true,
Love I must, and none but you.

Song CXVI. Jocky blyth and gay.

Blyth Jocky young and gay,
Is all my heart's delight;
He's all my talk by day,
And all my dreams by night.
If from the lad I be,
'Tis winter then with me;
But when he tarries here,
'Tis summer all the year.

When I and Jocky met,
First on the flowry dale,
Right sweetly he me tret,
And love was all his tale.
You are the last, said he,
That staw my heart frae me;
O ease me of my pain,
And never shaw disdain.

Well can my Jocky kyth
His love and courtesie,
He made my heart full blyth
When he first spake to me.
His suit I ill deny'd,
He kiss'd, and I comply'd:
Sae Jocky promis'd me,
That he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when Jocky comes,
Sad when he gangs away;
'Tis night when Jocky glooms,
But when he smiles 'tis day.

When

A Complete Collection of

When our eyes meet, I pant,
 I colour, sigh and faint ;
 What laſt that wad be kind,
 Can better tell her mind.

Song CXVII. *Come, let us prepare,*

WHAT a pother of late
 have they kept in the ſtate,
 About ſetting our conſciences free :
 A bottle has more
 Diſpenſations in ſtore
 Than the King and the State can decree.

When my head's full of wine,
 I o'erflow with deſign,
 And know no penal laws that can curb me :
 Whate'er I deviſe
 Seems good in my eyes,
 And religion ne'er dares to diſturb me.

No ſaucy remorse
 Intrudes in my courſe,
 Nor impertinent notions of evil ;
 So there's claret in ſtore,
 In peace I've my whore,
 And in peace I jog on to the devil.

Song CXVIII. *Greenwood Tree.*

UPON Clarinda's panting breaſt
 The happy Strephon lay,
 With love and beauty jointly preſt
 Yo paſs the time away.
 Freſh raptures of tranſporting love
 Struck all his ſenſes dumb ;
 He envy'd not the pow'rs above,
 Nor all the joys to come.

As bees around the garden rove,
To fetch their treasures home,
So Strephon trac'd the fields of love,
To fill her honey-comb :
Her ruby lips he kiss'd and prest,
From whence all joys derive ;
Then humming round her snowy breast
Strait crept into her hive.

Song CXIX. *Queen of Sheba's March.*

Come, Florinda, lovely charmer,
Come and fix this wav'ring heart ;
Let those eyes my soul rekindle,
E'er I feel some foreign dart.

Come, and with thy smiles secure me,
If this heart be worth thy care ;
Favour'd by my dear Florinda,
I'll be true, as she is fair.

Thousand beauties trip around me,
And my yielding breast assail ;
Come, and take me to thy bosom,
E'er my constant passion fail.

Come, and like the radiant morning,
On my soul serenely shine,
Then those glimmering stars shall vanish,
Lost in splendor more divine.

Long this heart has been thy victim,
Long has felt the pleasing pain ;
Come, and with an equal passion
Make it ever thine remain.

Then, my charmer, I can promise,
If our souls in love agree,
None in all the upper dwellings
Shall be happier than we.

Song CXX. *As tippling John.*

From White's and Will's,
 To purling rills,
 The love-sick Strephon flies ;
 There, full of woe,
 His numbers flow,
 And all in rhyme he dies.

The fair coquet,
 With feign'd regret,
 Invites him back to town ;
 But when in tears
 The youth appears,
 She meets him with a frown:

Full oft the maid
 This prank had play'd,
 Till angry Strephon swore ;
 And what is strange,
 Tho' loth to change,
 Would never see her more.

Song CXXI. *Young Philoret and Celia met.*

THE youth whom I
 To save wou'd die,
 Surpasses all desire ;
 Love's fatal dart
 Enflames my heart,
 And sets me all on fire.

The plaintive dove,
 Without her love,
 Thus mourns like me oppress'd ;
 But when her mate
 Arrives, tho' late,
 Joy triumphs in her breast.

Song CXXII. *Auld Sir Symon the King.*

Come, here's to the nymph that I love.
 Away, ye vain sorrows, away :
 Far, far from my bosom be gone,
 All there shall be pleasant and gay.

Far hence be the sad and the pensive,
 Come fill up the glasses around,
 We'll drink till our faces be ruddy,
 And all our vain sorrows are drown'd.

'Tis done, and my fancy's exulting
 With every gay blooming desire,
 My blood with brisk ardour is glowing,
 Soft pleasures my bosom inspire.

My soul now to love is dissolving,
 Oh fate ! had I here my fair charmer,
 I'd clasp her, I'd clasp her so eager,
 Of all her disdain, I'd disarm her.

But hold, what has love to do here
 With his troops of vain cares in array ?
 Avaunt, idle pensive intruder——
 He triumphs, he will not away.

I'll drown him, come give me a bumper ;
 Young Cupid, here's to thy confusion.——
 Now, now, he's departing, he's vanquish'd,
 Adieu to his anxious delusion.

Come, jolly god Bacchus, here's to thee ;
 Huzza boys, huzza boys, huzza,
 Sing io, sing io to Bacchus ——
 Hence, all ye dull thinkers, withdraw.

Come, what shou'd we do but be jovial ?
 Come tune up your voices and sing ;
 What soul is so dull to be heavy,
 When wine sets our fancies on wing ?

Come, Pegasus lies in this bottle,
He'll mount us, he'll mount us on high,
Each of us a gallant young Perseus,
Sublime we'll ascend to the sky.

Come mount, or adieu, I arise,
In seas of wide Æther I'm drown'd,
The clouds far beneath me are sailing,
I see the spheres whirling around.

What darkness, what rattling is this ?
Thro' Chaos' dark regions I'm hurl'd,
And now — oh my head it is knockt,
Upon some confounded new world.

Now, now these dark shades are retiring,
See yonder bright blazes a star,
Where am I ? — behold the Empyreum,
With flaming light streaming from far.

Song CXXIII. *Over the Hills, &c.*

WERE I laid on Greenland's coast,
And in my arms embrac'd my last,
Warm amidst eternal frost,

Too soon the half year's night wou'd pass.
Were I fold on Indian soil,

Soon as the burning day was clos'd,
I would mock the sultry toil,

When on my charmer's breast repos'd ;

I wou'd love you all the day,

Ev'ry night we'd kiss and play,

If with me you'd fondly stray

Over the hills, and far away.

Song CXXIV. *Bonny Dundee.*

THE charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,
The judges all rang'd (a terrible show)

I go undismay'd — for death is a debt,

A debt on demand, so take what I owe.

Then farewell my love, dear charmer adieu,

Contented I die, — 'tis better for you :

Here end all disputes the rest of our lives,

For this way at once I please my all wives.

Song

Song CXXV. *Lumps of Pudding.*

THUS I stand, like a Turk, with his doxies all round,
From all sides their glances his passion confound ;
For black, brown, and fair his inconstancy burns,
And diff'rent beauties subdue him by turns ;
Each calls to her charms, to provoke his desires,
Tho' willing to all, but with one he retires :
Then think of this maxim, and put off all sorrow,
The wretched to-day may be happy to-morrow.

Song CXXVI. *Old Adam, it is true.*

OLD Adam, it is true,
No care in Eden knew,
Yet his sons live more gay and airy ;
For he tippl'd water,
While we who come after,
Drink claret and racy canary.

Then let each take his glass,
And drink to his lass,
But ne'er be a Slave unto either ;
For they are only wise,
Who both equally prize,
And join Bacchus and Venus together.

Whenever thus they meet,
All our joys are compleat.
And our jollity ne'er can expire ;
They our faculties warm,
And us mutually charm,
While each from the other takes fire.

Song CXXVII. *The yellow hair'd Laddie.*

YE shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain.
Approach from your sports, and attend to my strain :
Amongst all your number a lover so true,
Was ne'er so undone, with such bliss in his view.

Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine ?
 She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine,
 She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
 But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies :
 She smiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my sighs.
 A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,
 Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair !

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears :
 Her answer confounds, while her manner endears ;
 When softly she tells me to hope no relief,
 My trembling lips bless her in spite of my grief.

By night, while I slumber, still haunted with care,
 I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair :
 The fair sleeps in peace, may she ever do so !
 And only when dreaming imagine my wo.

Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire,
 Nor think he shou'd love, whom she cannot admire :
 Hush all thy complaining, and dying her slave,
 Commend her to heaven, and thy self to the grave.

Song CXXVIII. When Lovers, &c.

WHEN lovers for favours petition,
 Oh then they approach with respect ;
 But when in our hearts they've admission,
 They treat us with scorn and neglect ;
 'Tis dang'rous ever to try them,
 So artful are men to deceive,
 'Tis safer, much safer to fly them,
 So easy are maids to believe.

Song CXXIX. O Cupid ! &c.

O Cupid, why art thou pursuing
 Such endless designs on my heart,
 To make me so fond of my ruin,
 And doat on the cause of my smart ?

In vain do I strive to remove her,
 Affection to reason is blind,
 In spite of her failings I love her,
 She's charming, tho' false and unkind.

Song CXXX. *That the World is a Lottery,
 what Man can doubt?*

THAT the world is a lottery, what man can doubt?
 When born we're put in, when dead we're drawn out;
 And tho' tickets are bought by the fool and the wise,
 Yet 'tis plain there are more than ten blanks to a prize.
 Sing tantarara, fools all, fools all,
 Sing tantarara, fools all.

The court has itself a bad lottery's face,
 Where ten draw a blank, before one draws a place.
 For a ticket in law, who wou'd give you thanks?
 For that wheel contains scarce any but blanks.
 Sing tantarara, keep out, keep out,
 Sing tantarara, keep out.

'Mongst doctors and lawyers some good ones are found,
 But alas! they are rare as the ten thousand pound.
 How scarce is a prize, if with Women ye deal!
 Take care how you marry — for oh! in that wheel,
 (Sing tantarara) blanks all, blanks all,
 (Sing tantarara) blanks all.

That the stage is a lottery, by all 'tis agreed,
 Where ten plays are damn'd e'er one can succeed;
 The blanks are so many, the prizes so few,
 We all are undone, unless kindly you
 (Sing tantarara) clap all, clap all,
 (Sing tantarara) clap all.

Song

Song CXXXI. *Whilst I fondly, &c.*

WHilst I fondly view the charmer,
 Thus the god of Love I sue,
 Gentle Cupid, pray disarm her,
 Cupid, if you love me, do:
 Of a thousand sweets bereave her,
 Rob her neck, her lips and eyes,
 The remainder still will leave her
 Power enough to tyrannize.
 Shape and feature, flame and passion,
 Still in every breast will move,
 More is supererogation,
 Meer idolatry of love:
 You may dress a world of Chloes
 In the beauties she can spare;
 Hear him, Cupid, who no foe is
 To your altars, or the fair.
 Foolish mortal, pray be easy,
 Angry Cupid made reply,
 Do Florella's charms displease you?
 Die then, foolish mortal, die:
 Fancy not that I'll deprive her
 Of the captivating store;
 Shepherd, no, I'll rather give her
 Twenty thousand beauties more.
 Were Florella proud and sour,
 Apt to mock a lover's care;
 Justly then you'd pray, that power
 Shou'd be taken from the fair:
 But tho' I spread a blemish o'er her,
 No relief in that you'll find;
 Still, fond shepherd, you'll adore her,
 For the beauties of her mind.

End of N^o I. of Vol. II.

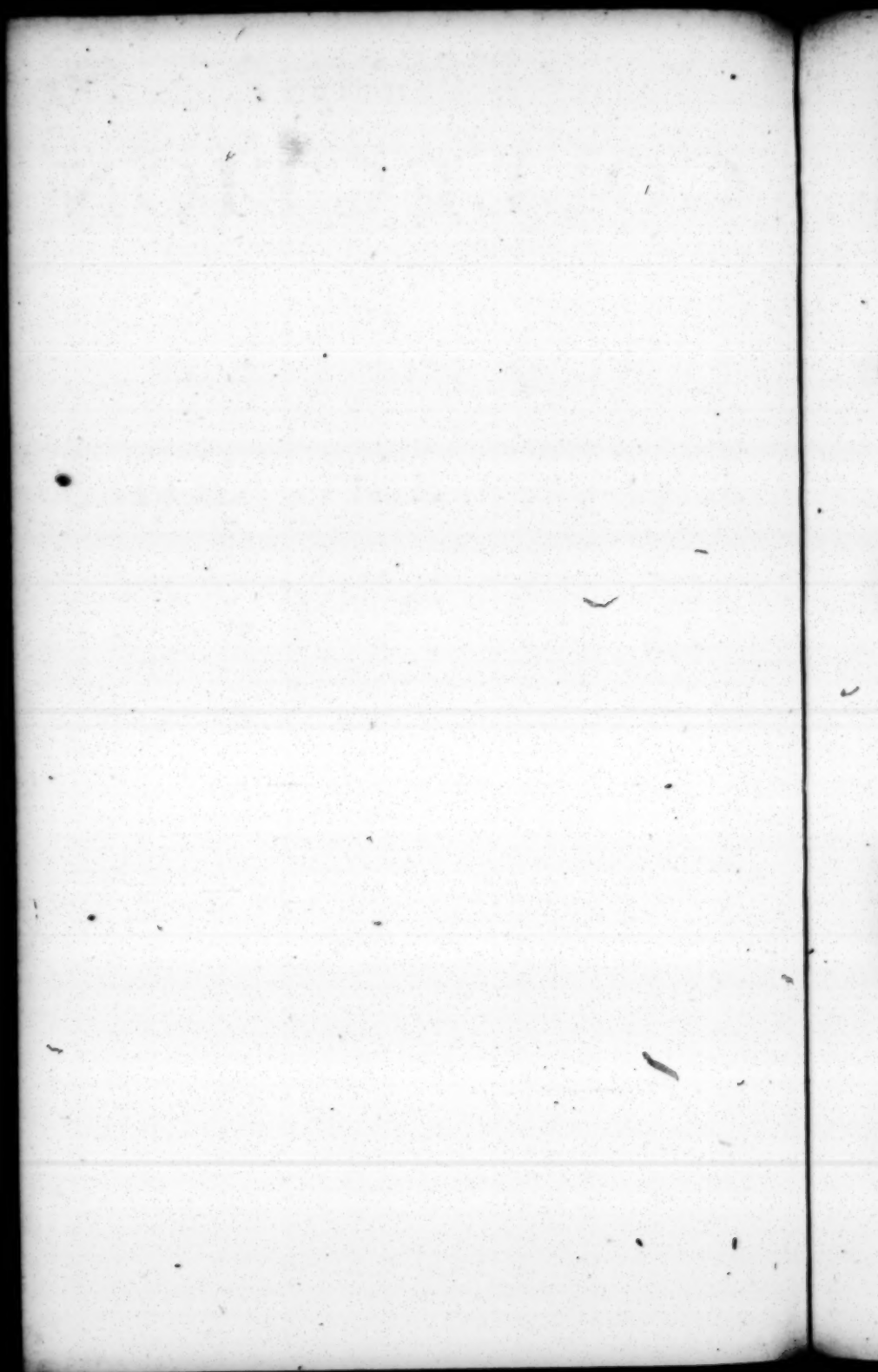
A COMPLETE
COLLECTION
OF
OLD and NEW
English and Scotch
SONGS.
With their respective TUNES
prefixed.

NUMBER II. of VOLUME II.

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by T. BOREMAN near
Child's Coffee-House, St. Paul's Church-yard ;
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M DCCXXXV.





A
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Song CXXXII. *London is a fine Town.*



ITINERANTS we are, and merrily agree,
There's ne'er a club around the globe more
happy are and free :
Antiquity's our boast, of mighty ancient fame ;
Nor Bourbon, nor Nassau, from longer date
can claim.

Antiquity's our boast, &c.

Our founder, great Adam, in Eden's blissful bow'rs,
Itinerant he was ; so sooth'd the passing hours.
From him the *ab Origine*, none can our title blame,
Then let all due respects be paid — Itinerant's the name.

From him the ab Origine, &c.

And travelling is good, as learned doctors tell us.
It openeth the lungs, which are the human bellows;
It causes good digestion, and that's the cause of health,
And * Health's the sauce of life — without it, what is
wealth?

It causes good digestion, &c.

On Saturdays we meet, when, down the western hill,
The blushing God from Thetis takes a handsome swill;
We follow his example, tho' do a little differ;
He topes the briny ocean, but we tope better Liquor.

We follow his example, &c.

Our principle is monarchy, no other schemes advance;
And hope that the republican will never lead the dance;
That Hydra-headed monster, whose rigid iron-claws,
When e'er they fasten on us, the vital crimson draws.

That Hydra-headed monster, &c.

We drink the Church and King, the Queen and Royal Line,
Old England and Old Trade, that they may ever shine;
And then the closing health comes on, with very decent
pride,

And so we drink our Mistresses, our Wives and Fire-side.

And then the closing health, &c.

The wine in moderation, thus cordially we take,
Exhilarate our friendship, and farther friendships make.
The † Scythe-God is delighted when we together come,
To hear our songs, and mirth and joys, all eccho round the
room.

The Scythe God is delighted, &c.

Sic itur ad Astra, our motto's very good,
Thus mounting to the stars we wou'd be understood;
For there the jocund orbs immensely travel round,
And infinite Itinerants most beautiful are found.

For there the jocund orbs, &c.

* *Sanitas Sanitatum, omnia Sanitas.* † *Saturnus.*



Song CXXXIII. *Sweet are the charms of her
I love.*

O Venus! beauty of the skies,
To whom a thousand temples rise;
Gaily false in gentle smiles,
Full of love-perplexing wiles;
O Goddess! from my heart remove
The wasting cares and pains of love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
A song in soft distress preferr'd;
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O gentle Goddess! hear me now.
Descend, thou bright, immortal guest,
In all thy radiant charms confest.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above:
The car thy wanton sparrows drew,
Hov'ring in air they lightly flew;
As to my bow'r they wing'd their way,
I saw their quiv'ring pinions play.

The birds dismiss'd (while you remain)
Bore back their empty car again:
Then you with looks divinely mild,
In ev'ry heav'nly feature smil'd,
And ask'd, what new complaints I made?
And why I call'd you to my aid?

What frenzy in my bosom rag'd?
And by what cure to be asswag'd?
What gentle youth I wou'd allure?
Whom in my artful toils secure?
Who does thy tender heart subdue?
'Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who.

Tho' now he shuns thy longing arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted charms;

Tho'

Tho' now thy off'rings he despise,
 He soon to thee shall sacrifice ;
 Tho' now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
 And be thy victim in his Turn.
 Celestial visitant, once more
 Thy needful presence I implore.
 In pity, come and ease my grief,
 Bring my distemper'd soul relief ;
 Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,
 And give me all my heart desires.

Song CXXXIV. *Swain, thy hopeless passion, &c.*

SWAIN, thy hopeless passion smother,
 Pejur'd Celia loves another ;
 In his arms I saw her lying,
 Panning, kissing, sighing, dying ;
 There the fair deceiver swore,
 (As once she did to you before)
 Ah! says you, if she deceives me,
 When that constant creature leaves me,
 It is waters back shall fly,
 And leave their oozy channels dry :
 Turn, turn, ye waters, leave your shore,
 For perjur'd Celia loves no more.

Song CXXXV. *Digenes surly and proud.*

DIgenes surly and proud,
 Who snarl'd at the Macedon youth,
 Delighted in wine that was good,
 Because in good wine there was truth ;
 But growing as poor as a Job,
 Unable to purchase a flask,
 He chose for his mansion a tub,
 And liv'd by the scent of the cask.
 Heraclitus ne'er would deny
 A bumper, to cherish his heart ;
 And when he was maudlin would cry,
 Because he had empty'd his quart :

Tho'

Tho' some are so foolish to think,
He wept at mens follies and vice,
'Twas only his custom to drink,
Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
To tittle, and cherish his soul;
Would laugh like a man that was mad,
When over a good flowing bowl;
As long as his cellar was stor'd,
The liquor he'd merrily quaff;
And when he was drunk as a lord,
At them that were sober he'd laugh.

Wise Solon, who carefully gave
Good laws unto Athens of old,
And thought the rich Cræsus a slave
(Tho' a king) to his coffers of gold;
He delighted in plentiful bowls;
But drinking much talk would decline,
Because 'twas the custom of fools,
To prattle much over their wine.

Old Socrates ne'er was content,
Till a bottle had heighten'd his joys,
Who in's cups to the oracle went,
Or he ne'er had been counted so wise:
Late hours he most certainly lov'd,
Made wine the delight of his life,
Or Xantippe would never have prov'd
Such a damnable scold of a wife.

Grave Seneca, fam'd for his parts,
Who tutor'd the bully of Rome,
Grew wise o'er his cups and his quarts,
Which he drank like a miser at home;
And, to shew he lov'd wine that was good
To the last, (we may truly aver it)
He tinctur'd his bath with his blood,
So fancy'd he dy'd in his claret.

Pythagoras

Pythagoras did silence enjoin,
On his pupils who wisdom would seek ;
Because he tippled good wine,
Till himself was unable to speak ;
And when he was whimsical grown,
With sipping his plentiful bowls,
By the strength of the juice in his crown,
He conceiv'd transmigration of souls.

Copernicus too, like the rest,
Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,
And thought that a cup of the best
Made reason the brighter to shine ;
With wine he replenish'd his veins,
And made his philosophy reel ;
Then fancy'd the world, like his brains,
Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.

Aristotle, that master of arts,
Had been but a dunce without wine,
And what we ascribe to his parts,
Is due to the juice of the vine :
His belly, most writers agree,
Was big as a watering-trough ;
He therefore leapt into the sea,
Because he'd have liquor enough.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine,
He fondly to wisdom was prone ;
But had it not been for good wine,
His merits had never been known.
By wine we are generous made,
It furnishes fancy with wings,
Without it we ne'er should have had
Philosophers, poets, or kings.

Song CXXXVI. *Send back my long stray'd Eyes.*

SEND back my long stray'd eyes to me,
Which, oh! too long have dwelt on thee:
But if from you they've learnt such ill,

To sweetly smile,

And then beguile,

Keep the deceivers, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain:
But if it has been taught by thine,

To forfeit both

Its word and oath,

Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yes, send me back my heart and eyes,
For I'll know all thy falsties;

That I one day may laugh, when thou
Shalt grieve and mourn

For one who'll scorn,

And prove as false as thou art now.

Song CXXXVII. *Sally, &c.*

WHAT tho' I am a country lass,
A lofty mind I bear-a,

And think myself as good as those,

Who gay apparel wear-a.

What tho' my clothes are home-spun grey,

My skin it is as soft-a,

As those that in their cypress veils

Carry their heads aloft a.

What tho' I keep my father's sheep,

It is what must be done-a:

A garland of the sweetest flow'rs

Shall shade from the sun-a.

And when I see they feeding be,

Where grass and flow'rs do spring-a:

Befide a purling crystal stream
I'll fit me down and sing-a.

My leathern-bottle, stuff with fage,
Is drink that's very thin-a :
No wine did e'er my brains enrage,
Or tempt me for to sin-a.
My country curds, and wooden spoon,
Methinks are very fine-a,
When on a shady bank, at noon,
I fit me down and dine-a.

What tho' my portion won't allow
Of bags of shining gold-a ;
A farmer's daughter now-a-days,
Like swine is bought and sold-a.
My body's fair, I'll keep it sound,
And an honest mind within-a ;
But for an hundred thousand pound,
I value't not a pin-a.

No jewels wear I in my ears,
Or pearls about my neck-a ;
No costly rings do I e'er use,
My fingers for to deck-a :
But for the man whoe'er he be,
Whom I shall chance to wed-a ;
I'll keep a jewel worth them all,
I mean my maiden-head-a.

Song CXXXVIII. *On a Bank of Flowers, &c.*

WHEN a lover's sighs his mistress gain,
What joys his soul possess !
The mem'ry of his former pain
Augments his happiness ;
T'enjoy the fair then strait he flies,
No Danger can the youth surprize,
With a fal, la, la, la, la, &c.
Till in her arms he dies.

Song CXXXIX. *Robin the Highlander.*

YE Britains aw,
 Who are moulding the law,
 For the use as occasion is fitting;
 What a deel did you gain,
 By late muckle pain,
 When our peers were out-voted from fitting?

Woons, dant we know,
 That a few years ago,
 E're ye twin'd the rose with the thistle,
 Yead a gin any flower,
 That ye had in your pow'r,
 Tho' we now are scarce worth a whistle?

Gud feth we see,
 Like a las that too free,
 Has been bob'd of her maidenly treasure;
 That instead of regard,
 For a bargain so hard,
 You think you may slight us at pleasure;

But woons take heed,
 Say our loons near the Tweed;
 For if no brave Caledonian,
 Made a Lord by the Queen,
 Mayn't do like the sixteen,
 Deel away with the rest of the U——n.

, &c.

Song CXXXIX. *Philander was, &c.*

Philander was a jolly swain,
 His comely grace,
 And charming face,
 The nymphs admir'd,
 And desir'd,
 But 'twas all in vain.

Philander slighted all their charms ;
 Their subtil art,
 His manly heart,
 Cou'd but disdain,
 They give no pain,
 Nor bring him to their arms.

But when he saw Corinna's face,
 And sparkling eyes,
 With love he dies ;
 And at her feet,
 He hopes to meet
 A lasting happiness.

Corinna slights his whining love,
 The nymphs all laugh,
 And at him scoff ;
 Philander now,
 From Cupid's bow,
 The arrow can't remove.

Song CXL. *The bush aboon Traquair.*

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me ;
 Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas ! she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded never move her ;
 At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder ;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
 In words that I thought tender ;
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
 I mean not to offend her.

Yet

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
The fields we then frequented :
If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
'The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
Its sweets I'll ay remember ;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me ?
Oh ! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender,
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

Song CXLI. *King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.*

[Greve,
WHO has e'er been at *Paris*, must needs know the
The fatal Retreat of th'unfortunate Brave :
Where Honour and Justice most odly contribute,
To ease Heroes Pains by a Halter and Gibbet.
Derry down, down, bey derry down.

There Death breaks the Shackles, which Force had put on ;
And the Hangman compleats what the Judge but begun :
There the Squire of the Pad, and the Knight of the Post,
Find their Pains no more balk'd, and their Hopes no more
Derry down, &c. [crott.

Great Claims are there made, and great Secrets are known ;
And the King, and the Law, and the Thief has his own :
But my Hearers cry out, What a duce dost thou ail ?
Put off thy Reflections, and give us thy Tale.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil Respect to harsh Laws,
And for want of false Witness, to back a bad Cause,
A *Norman*, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear :
And who to assist, but a grave *Cordelier*.

Derry down, &c.

The 'Squire, whose good Grace was to open the Scene,
Seem'd not in great Haste, that the Show shou'd begin :
Now fitted the Halter, now travers'd the Cart ;
And often took leave, but was loath to Depart.

Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good Son ? says the Priest.
You Murder'd, are Sorry, and have been Confest.
O Father ! My Sorrow will scarce save my Bacon :
For 'twas not that I Murther'd, but that I was Taken.

Derry down, &c.

Pough ! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy Head with such Fancies ;
Rely on the Aid you shall have from Saint *Francis* :
If the Money You promis'd be brought to the Chest ;
You have only to Dye, let the Church do the rest.

Derry down, &c.

And what will Folks say, if they see You afraid ?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my Trade :
Courage, Friend ; To day is your Period of Sorrow ;
And Things will go better, believe me, To-morrow.

Derry down, &c.

To-morrow ? our Hero reply'd in a Fright :
He that's hang'd before Noon, ought to think of To-night.
Tell your Beads, quoth the Priest, and be fairly truss'd up ;
For you surely to-night shall in *Paradise* sup.

Derry down, &c.

Alas ! quoth the 'Squire, howe'er sumptuous the Treat,
Parblew, I shall have little Stomach to eat :
I should therefore esteem it great Favour and Grace,
Wou'd you be so kind, as to go in my Place.

Derry down, &c.

That

That I would, quoth the Father, and thank ye to boot :
But our Actions, you know, with our Duty must suit.
The Feast, I propos'd to You, I cannot taste :
For this Night, by our Order, is mark'd for a Fast.
Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the Hangman, he said,
Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome Blade :
For Thy Cord and My Cord both equally tie,
And We live by the Gold, for which other Men die.
Derry down, &c.

Song CXLII. *King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.*

I Sing not old *Jafon*, who travell'd thro' *Greece*,
To kiss the fair *Maids*, and possess the rich *Fleece* ;
Nor sing I *Aeneas*, who, led by his Mother,
Got rid of *One Wife*, and went far for *Another*,
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Nor him who thro' *Asia* and *Europe* did roam,
Ulysses by Name, who ne'er cry'd to go home ;
But rather desir'd to see Cities and Men,
Than return to his Farms, and converse with old *Pen*.

Hang *Homer* and *Virgil*, their Meaning to seek,
A Man must have pok'd in the *Latin* and *Greek* ;
Those who love our own Tongue, we have reason to hope,
Have read them Translated by *Dryden* and *Pope*.

But I sing Exploits that have lately been done
By two *British* Heroes, call'd *Matthew* and *John* ;
And how they rid friendly from fine *London* Town,
Fair *Essex* to see, and a Place they call *DOWN*.

Now e'er they went out, you may rightly suppose,
How much they discours'd, both in Prudence and Prose :
For before this great Journey was thoroughly concerted,
Full often they met, and as often they parted.

And

And thus *Matthew* said, Look you here, my Friend *John*,
 I fairly have travell'd Years thirty and one ;
 And tho' I still carry'd my Sovereign's Warrants,
 I only have gone upon other folks Errands.

And now in this Journey of Life, I would have
 A Place where to bait, 'twixt the Court and the Grave ;
 Where joyful to Live, not unwilling to Die——
Gadzooks, I have just such a Place in my Eye.

There are Gardens so stately, and Arbours so thick, \\
 A Portal of Stone, and a Fabrick of Brick.
 The Matter next Week shall be all in your Pow'r ;
 But the Money, *Gadzooks*, must be paid in an Hour.

For things in this World must by Law be made certain,
 We both must repair unto *Oliver Martin* ;
 For he is a Lawyer of worthy Renown.
 I'll bring you to see ; he must fix you at *DOWN*.

Quoth *Matthew*, I know, that from *Berwick* to *Dover*
 You've sold all our Premises over and over.
 And now if your Buyers and Sellers agree,
 You may throw all our Acres into the *South Sea*.

But a Word to the Purpose ; To-morrow, dear Friend,
 We'll see, what To-night you so highly commend.
 And if with a Garden and House I am blest,
 Let the Devil and *Coningsby* go with the rest.

Then answer'd 'Squire *Morley*, pray get a Calash,
 That in Summer may burn, and in Winter may splash ;
 I love Dirt and Dust ; and 'tis always my Pleasure,
 To take with me much of the Soil that I measure.

But *Matthew* thought better : For *Matthew* thought right,
 And hired a Chariot so trim and so tight,
 That Extremes both of Winter and Summer might pass ;
 For one Window was Canvas, the other was Glass.

Draw

Draw up, quoth friend *Matthew* ; pull down, quoth Friend
We shall be both hotter and colder anon. [John,
Thus talking and scolding, they forward did speed,
And *Ralpho* pac'd by, under *Newman* the *Swede*.

Into an old Inn did this Equipage roll,
At a Town they call *Hodsdon*, the Sign of the *Bull*,
Near a Nymph with an Urn, that divides the High-way,
And into a Puddle throws Mother of *Tea*.

Come here, my sweet Landlady, pray how d'ye do ?
Where 's *Sisley* so cleanly, and *Prudence* and *Sue* ?
And where is the *Widow* that dwelt here below ?
And the *Hofler* that Sung about Eight Years ago ?

And where is your *Sister* so mild and so dear ?
Whose Voice to her Maids like a Trumpet was clear.
By my Troth, *She replies*, you grow *Younger*, I think :
And pray, Sir, what Wine does the Gentleman drink ?

Why now let me die, Sir, or live upon Trust,
If I know to which Question to answer you first.
Why Things since I saw you, most strangely have vary'd,
And the *Hofler* is Hang'd, and the *Widow* is Marry'd.

And *Prue* left a Child for the Parish to Nurse ;
And *Sisley* went off with a Gentleman's Purse ;
And as to my *Sister* so mild and so dear,
She has lain in the Church-yard full many a Year.

Well, Peace to her Ashes (what signifies Grief ?)
She roasted red Veal, and she powder'd lean Beet :
Full nicely she knew to cook-up a fine Dish ;
For tough was her Pullets, and tender her Fish.

For that matter, Sir, be ye Squire, Knight, or Lord,
I'll give you whate'er a good Inn can afford :
I should look on my self as unhappily sped,
Did I yield to a Sister, or living or dead.

Of Mutton, a delicate Neck and a Breast,
Shall swim in the Water in which they were drest :
And because you great Folks are with Rarities taken,
Addle-Eggs shall be next Course, tost up with rank Bacon.

Then Supper was serv'd, and the Sheets they were laid;
And *Morley* most lovingly whisper'd the Maid.
The Maid! was She handsome? why truly so, so:
But what *Morley* whisper'd, we never shall know.

Then up rose these *Heroes* as brisk as the *Sun*,
And their *Horses* like his, were prepared to Run:
Now when in the Morning *Matt* ask'd for the Score,
John kindly had paid it the Ev'ning before.

Their Breakfast so warm to be sure they did Eat:
A Custom in Travellers, mighty Discreet,
And thus with great Friendship and Glee they went on,
To find out the Place you shall hear of anon,
call'd DOWN, down, hey derry down:

But what did they talk of from Morning till Noon ?
Why, of *Spots* in the *Sun*, and the *Man* in the *Moon* :
Of the *Czar's* gentle Temper, the *Stocks* in the *City*,
The wise Men of *Greece*, and the *Secret-Committee*.

So to *Harlow* they came ; and Hey, where are you all ?
Show Us into the Parlour, and mind when I call :
Why, your *Maids* have no motion, your *Men* have no life ;
Well *Master*, I hear you have buried your *Wife*.

Come this very instant, take care to provide
Tea, Sugar, and Toast, and a Horse, and a Guide.
Are the *Harrisons* here, both the Old and the Young?
And where stands fair *Down*, the Delight of my Song?

O 'Squire, to the Grief of my Heart I may say,
I have Bury'd two *Wives* since you Travell'd this way ;
And the *Harrissons* both may be presently here ;
And *Down* stands, I think, where it flood the last Year.

Then

Then *Joan* brought the *Tea-pot*, and *Caleb* the *Toast*;
And the *Wine* was froth'd out by the *Hand* of mine *Host*:
But we clear'd our *Extempore Banquet* so fast,
That the *Harrissons* both were forgot in the haste.

Now hey for *Down-Hall*; for the *Guide* he was got;
The *Chariot* was mounted; the *Horses* did trot;
The *Guide* he did bring us a dozen *Mile* round:
But O! all in vain; for no *Down* could be found.

O thou *Papist* *Guide*! thou hast led us astray.
Says he; how the *Devil* shou'd I know the way?
I never yet travell'd this *Road* in my *Life*:
But *Down* lies on the left, I was told by my *Wife*.

Thy *Wife*, answered *Matthew*, when she went abroad,
Ne'er told thee of half the by-ways she had trod:
Perhaps she met *Friends*, and brought *Pence* to thy *House*,
But thou shalt go home without ever a *Souse*.

What is this thing, *Morley*, and how can you mean it?
We have lost our *Estate* here, before we have seen it.
Have *Patience*, soft, *Morley* in anger reply'd:
To find out our way, let us send off our *Guide*.

O here I spy *Down*: cast your *Eye* to the *West*,
Where a *Wind-Mill* so stately stands plainly confess.
On the *West*, reply'd *Matthew*, no *Wind-Mill* I find:
As well thou may'st tell me, I see the *West-Wind*.

Now pardon me, *Morley*, the *Wind-Mill* I spy,
But faithful *Achates*, no *House* is there nigh.
Look again, says mild *Morley*, *Gadzooks* you are blind:
The *Mill* stands before, and the *House* lies behind.

O now a low ruin'd white *Shed* I discern,
Untild and unglaz'd; I believe 'tis a *Barn*.
A *Barn*! why you rave: 'Tis a *House* for a 'Squire,
A *Justice of Peace*, or a *Knight* of our *Shire*.

A House shou'd be built, or with *Brick*, or with *Stone*.
 Why, 'tis *Plaster* and *Lath*; and, I think, that's all *One*.
 And such as it is, it has stood with great *Fame*,
 Been called a *HALL*, and has given its Name
 To *DOWN*, down, hey derry down.

O *Morley*, O *Morley*, if that be a *Hall*,
 The *Fame* with the Building will suddenly fall——
 With your Friend *Jemmy Gibbs* about Buildings agree,
 My *Business* is *Land*; and it matters not me.

I wish you cou'd tell, what a Duce your Head ails:
 I shew'd you *Down-Hall*; did you look for *Versailles*?
 Then take House and Farm, as *John Ballet* will let you;
 For Better, for Worse, as I took my Dame *Betty*.

And now, Sir, a Word to the Wife is enough;
 You'll make very little of all your Old Stuff:
 And to build at your Age, by my Troth, you grow simple;
 Are you young and rich, like the *Master of Wimple*?

If you have these Whims of Apartments and Gardens,
 From twice Fifty Acres you'll ne'er see five Farthings:
 And in yours I shall find the true Gentleman's Fate;
 E'er you finish your House, you'll have spent your Estate.

Now let us touch Thumbs, and be Friends e'er we part.
 Here, *John*, is my Thumb; and here, *Mat*, is my Heart;
 To *Halfhead* I speed; and you go back to Town.
 Thus ends the *First Part* of the *Ballad of DOWN*.

Derry down, down, hey derry down,

Song CXLIII. *White Joke*.

THrice happy Lizzy, blooming maid;
 By no false arts of life betray'd,
 Blest tenant of the rural scene;
 Whose joys unmix'd with pining care,
 Which prey upon the modish fair;
 When evening comes with artless smile,
 Does all her pleasing toils beguile,
 With tripping o'er the enamell'd green.

Clarinda

Clarinda fair in jewels dress'd,
The pride of theatres confess'd,
Still shines with irresistless mien :
Tho' musick, action, words conspire
To wake her soul to soft desire ;
Delight like this will quickly cloy,
And Lizzy taste more perfect joy,
In tripping o'er the enamell'd green.

When Lindamira in the dance,
To sprightly airs does swift advance,
And graceful moves like beauty's Queen ;
Tho' crowds of beaux admiring gaze,
Nor sick'ning prudes refuse her praise,
The flatter'd belle's not half so bless'd,
And Lizzy's of more joys possess'd,
In tripping o'er the enamell'd green.

When Coquetilla cards invite,
To while away the social night,
And banish far corroding spleen ;
Tho' chance, indulgent to her will,
Conveys, each circling deal, spadille ;
The sweets of gain are less refin'd,
And softer transports sooth the mind
Of Lizzy, when she trips the green.

Hail, blissful life, which Lizzy leads,
'Midst bubbling springs and painted Meads,
Just emblem of the golden mean ;
A Life with fairest virtue grac'd,
Whose ebbing Moments sweetly waste ;
Made doubly joyous, chearful, gay,
When Lizzy crowns th' indulgent day,
With tripping o'er the enamell'd green.

Song CXLIV. Dear Chloe, &c.

DEAR Chloe, while thus beyond measure
You treat me with doubts and disdain,
You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
And hoard up an old age of pain :

Your

Your maxim, that love is still founded
On charms that will quickly decay ;
You'll find to be very ill grounded,
When once you its dictates obey.

The passion from beauty first drawn,
Your kindness wou'd vastly improve ;
Your fight and your smiles are the dawn,
Fruition's the sun-shine of love :
And tho' the bright beams of your eyes
Shou'd be clouded, that now are so gay,
And darkness possess all the skies,
Yet we ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby with Joan by his side,
You've often regarded with wonder :
He's dropfical, she is fore-ey'd,
Yet they're ever uneasy asunder :
Together they totter about,
Or sit in the sun at the door,
And at night, when old Darby's pot's out,
His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

No beauty nor wit they possess,
Their several failings to smother ;
Then, what are the charms, can you guess,
That make them so fond of each other ?
'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
The endearments which youth did bestow ;
The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
The best of our blessings below.

Those traces for ever will last,
Where sickness and time can't remove ;
For when youth and beauty are past,
And age brings the winter of love,
A friendship insensibly grows :
By reviews of such raptures as these,
The current of fondness still flows,
Which decrepit old age cannot freeze.

Song CXLV. Silent Flute.

JOckey was a dawdy lad,
And Jemmy swarth and Tawney ;
They my heart no captive made,
For that was prize to Sawney :
Jockey woes, and sighs and fues,
And Jemmy offers money ;
Weel, I see, they both love me,
But I love only Sawney.

Jockey high his voice can raise,
And Jemmy tunes the viol ;
But when Sawney pipes sweet lays,
My heart kens no denial :
One he sings, and t'other strings,
Tho' sweet, yet only tease me ;
Sawney's Flute can only do't,
And pipe a tune to please me.

Song CXLVI. Polwarth on the Green.

THO' beauty, like the rose
That smiles on Polwarth green,
In various colours shows,
As 'tis by fancy seen :
Yet all its different glories lie
United in thy face,
And virtue, like the sun on high,
Gives rays to ev'ry grace.

So charming is her air,
So smooth, so calm her mind,
That to some angel's care
Each motion seems assign'd :
But yet so chearful, sprightly, gay,
The joyful moments fly,
As if for wings they stole the ray
She darteth from her eye.

Kind

Kind am'rous Cupids, while
 With tuneful voice she sings,
 Perfume her breath, and smile,
 And wave their balmy wings:
 But as the tender blushes rise,
 Soft innocence doth warm,
 The soul in blissful extasies
 Dissolveth in the charm.

Song CXLVII. Tweed-side.

Restrain'd from the sight of my dear,
 No object with pleasure I see;
 Tho' thousands all round me appear,
 The world's but a desert to me:
 Ev'ry morning her charms to survey
 Sol's absence I'd gladly excuse,
 'Tis her eyes that restore me the day,
 'Tis night when their lustre I lose.

In vain are the verdures of spring,
 The fields dress'd so bloomingly gay,
 The birds that delightfully sing,
 Delight not when Celia's away;
 Oh! give the dear nymph to my arms,
 And the seasons unheeded may roll,
 Her presence like midsummer warms,
 Her absence out-freezes the pole.

Reclin'd by soft murmuring streams,
 I weeping, disburden my care;
 I tell to the rocks my fond themes,
 Whose echo's but sooth my despair:
 Ye streams that soft murmuring flow,
 Convey to my love e'ery tear;
 Ye rocks that resound with my woe,
 Repeat my complaints in her ear.

O tell her, I languishing lie
 In the midst of life's vigorous bloom,
 That 'tis only herself can supply
 The cure that retrieves from the tomb:

And if the dear charmer shall deign
To equal my amorous fire,
That moment will ease all my pain,
New life and new pleasure inspire.

Song CXLVIII. *The Mouse-trap.*

OF all the simple things we do
To rub over a whimsical life,
There's no one folly is so true,
As that very bad bargain a wife:
We're just like a mouse in a trap,
Or vermin caught in a ginn;
We sweat, and fret, and try to escape,
And curse the sad hour we came in.

I gam'd and drank, and play'd the fool,
And a thousand mad frolicks more;
I rov'd, and rang'd, despis'd all rule,
But I never was married before;
This was the worst plague could ensue,
I'm mew'd in a smoaky house;
I us'd to tope a bottle or two,
But now 'tis small beer with my spouse.

My darling freedom crown'd my joys,
And I never was vex't in my way;
If now I cross her will, her voice
Makes my lodging to hot for my stay:
Like a fox that is hamper'd, in vain
I fret out my heart and soul;
Walk to and fro the length of my chain,
Then forc'd to creep into my hole.

Song CXLIX. *Auld lang syne.*

WHEN flow'ry meadows deck the year,
And sporting lambkins play,
When spangl'd fields renew'd appear,
And musick wak'd the day;

And

Q

The

Then did my Chloe leave her bow'r,
 To hear my am'rous lay,
 Warm'd by love, she vow'd no pow'r
 Shou'd lead her heart astray.

The warbling choirs from ev'ry bough
 Surround our couch in throngs,
 And all their tuneful art bestow,
 To give us change of songs:
 Scenes of delight my soul possess'd,
 I blest'd, then hugg'd my maid;
 I rob'd the kisses from her breast,
 Sweet as a noon-day's shade.

Joy so transporting never fails
 To fly away as air,
 Another swain with her prevails,
 To be as false as fair.
 What can my fatal passion cure?
 I'll never woo again;
 All her disdain I must endure,
 Adoring her in vain.

What pity 'tis to hear the boy
 Thus sighing with his pain!
 But time and scorn may give him joy,
 To hear her sigh again.
 Ah! fickle Chloe, be advis'd,
 Do not thy self beguile,
 A faithful lover should be priz'd,
 Then cure him with a smile.

Song CL. *By smooth winding Tay.*

BY smooth winding Tay
 A swain was reclining,
 Att cry'd he, oh hey!
 Maun I still live pining

My

My fell thus away,
And dare na discover,
To my bonny Hay,
That I am her lover?

Nae mair it will hide,
The flame waxes stranger,
If she's not my bride,
My days are nae langer :
Then I'll take a heart,
And try at a venture,
May be, e're we part,
My vows may content her.

She's fresh as the spring,
And sweet as Aurora,
When birds mount and sing,
Bidding day a good morrow.
The sward of the mead,
Enamell'd with daisies,
Looks wither'd and dead,
When twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear
Where verdures invite her,
The fountain runs clear,
And flow'rs smell the sweeter.
'Tis Heav'n to be by
When her wit is a flowing,
Her smiles and bright eye
Set my spirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze,
The deeper I'm wounded,
Struck dumb with amaze,
My mind is confounded ;
I'm all in a fire,
Dear maid, to carefs thee,
For a' my desire
Is Hay's bonny lassie.

Song CLI. *Children in the Wood.*

MY passion is as mustard strong,
I fit all sober sad,
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or, like a march hare, mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow,
I drink, yet can't forget her ;
For tho' as drunk as David's fow,
I love her still the better.

Pert as pewr-monger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind,
Cool as a cucumber would see
The rest of womankind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er,
Lean as a rake with sighs and cares,
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge I was known,
And soft as silk my skin,
My cheeks as fat as butter grown,
But as a groat now thin.

I, melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep ;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart, as flint or stone,
She laughs to see me pale ;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled ale.

The god of love, at her approach,
Is busy as a bee ;
Hearts sound as any bell or roach,
Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ah me! as thick as hops or hail,
The fine men crowd about her;
But soon as dead as a door nail,
Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my leg her shape appears,
O! were we join'd together,
My heart would soon be free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as five-pence is her mien,
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as a razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are,
Methinks I feel them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites,
Sharp as a needle are her words,
Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
Clean as a penny drest,
Sweet as a rose her face and lips,
Round as a globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
And happy as a King;
Good lack! how all men envy'd me!
She lov'd like any thing.

But false as hell, she like the wind
Chang'd, as her sex most do,
Tho' seeming as the turtle kind,
And as the gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who will take Peru,
Great as an Emp'ror I should be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
 I'm dull as any post,
 Let us like burrs together stick,
 As warm as any toast.

You'll know me truer than a die,
 And with me better sped,
 Flat as a flounder when I lie,
 And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear,
 And sigh, perhaps, and wish,
 When I'm as rotten as a pear,
 And mute as any fish.

Song CLII. *Foolish Swain, &c.*

FOOLISH swain, thy sighs forbear,
 Nothing can her passion move;
 Celia with a careless air,
 Laughs to hear the tales of love.

Darts and flames the nymph defies,
 Toys which other hearts beguile;
 Pleasure sparkles in her eyes,
 Gay without an am'rous smile.

Celia, like the feather'd choir,
 Ever on the wing for flight,
 Hops from this to that desire,
 Flut'ring still in new delight.

Pleas'd she seems when you are by,
 And when absent she's the same;
 Talks of love like you or I,
 But believes 't an empty Name.

Always easy, never kind;
 When you think you have her sure,
 Such a temper you will find,
 Quick to wound, quick to wound, but slow to cure.

Song

Song CLIII. *Hallow ev'n.*

WHY hangs that cloud upon thy brow,
 That beauteous heav'n e'er while serene?
 Whence do these storms and tempests flow,
 Or what this gust of passion mean?
 And must then mankind lose that light,
 Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,
 And ly obscur'd in endless night,
 For each poor silly speech of mine?
 Dear child, how can I wrong thy name?
 Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all hands,
 That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,
 Thy beauty can make large amends:
 Or if I durst profanely try
 Thy beauty's powerful charms t' upbraid,
 Thy virtue well might give the lye,
 Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus, every heart, ensnare,
 With all her charms has deckt thy face,
 And Pallas, with unusual care,
 Bids wisdom heighten every grace.
 Who can the double pain endure?
 Or who must not resign the field
 To thee, celestial maid, secure
 With Cupid's bow and Pallas' shield?

If then to thee such power is given,
 Let not a wretch in torment live,
 But smile, and learn to copy Heaven,
 Since we must sin, e'er it forgive.
 Yet pitying Heaven not only does
 Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
 But even itself appeas'd bestows,
 As the reward of penitence.

Song CLIV. *How happy are we.*

WHEN you censure the age,
 Be cautious and sage,
 Lett the Courtiers offended should be :
 If you mention vice or bribe,
 'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
 Each cries, that was levell'd at me.

Song CLV. *Chloe, sure, &c.*

CHLOE, sure the gods above
 For our Joys did you compose,
 Graceful as the queen of love,
 Wanton as the billing dove,
 Fragrant as the blowing rose.

Wit and beauty both we find
 Striving which shall arm you most :
 Doubly, Chloe, thus you bind,
 Had not nature made you kind,
 We, alas ! were doubly lost.

Song CLVI. *The old Man's Wish.*

IF I live to grow old, for I find I go down,
 Let this be my fate : In a fair country town
 Let me have a warm house, with a stone at my gate,
 And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate ;
 May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
 And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay, by a gentle decay.

In a country town by a murmuring brook,
 With the ocean at distance, whereon I may look,
 With a spacious plain without hedge or stile,
 And an easy pad nag to ride out a mile.
 May I govern, &c.

With

With Horace and Petrarch, and two or three more
Of the best wits that liv'd in the ages before ;
With a dish of roast mutton, not ven'son nor teal,
And clean, tho' coarse Linnen, at every meal.

May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on fundays, and stout humming liquor,
And remnants of Latin, to welcome the vicar ;
With a hidden reserve of Burgundy wine,
To drink the King's health as oft as I dine.

May I govern, &c.

When the days are grown short, and it freezes and snows,
May I have a coal fire as high as my nose ;
A fire, which once stirr'd up with a prong,
Will keep the room temperate all the night long.

May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted, may I face my last day,
And when I am dead, may the better fort say,
In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,
He's gone, and has left not behind him his fellow ;

For he govern'd his passion with an absolute sway,
And grew wiser and better as his strength wore away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

Song CLVII. The broom of Cowdenknows.

HOW blyth ilk morn was I to see
The swain come o'er the hill !

He skipt the burn, and flew to me,

I met him with good will.

O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,

The broom of Cowdenknows !

I wish I were with my dear swain,

With his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ew nor lamb,

While his flock near me lay :

He gather'd in my sheep at night,

And chear'd me a' the day.

O the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
 The burds stood listning by :
 E'en the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his melody.
 O the broom, &c.

While thus we spend our time, by turns,
 Betwixt our flocks and play ;
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,
 Tho' ne'er sae rich and gay.
 O the broom, &c.

Hard fate, that I shou'd banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.
 O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour,
 Cou'd I but faithfu' be ?
 He staw my heart, cou'd I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me ?
 O the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit
 That held my wee soup whey,
 My plady, broach, and crooked stick,
 May now ly useles by.
 O the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,
 Farewell a' pleasures there ;
 Ye Gods, restore to me my swain,
 Is a' I crave or care.
 O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
 The broom of Cowdenknows :
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ews.

Song CLVIII. *Sweet are the Charms, &c.*

WH Y should we that ambition call,
 To get at court a servile place ?
 Where to please one, we flatter all,
 And must gain honour by disgrace ;
 Where for our pleasure, and our ease,
 We suffer pain and weariness.

Where all things we must say or do,
 Which farthest are from mind or heart ;
 Still those who run from us, pursue,
 And to gain trust, with virtue part ;
 Where we, ourselves more high to raise,
 Our faith and honour must debase.

Where we must say as great fools say,
 Do what great knaves will have us do,
 That we for wits with coxcombs may,
 With fools for politicians go ;
 To gain court-favour there, and praise,
 With all the world besides disgrace.

Where we must flatter him we hate,
 Or what is worse, him we despise :
 To broken slumbers lie down late,
 And early to proud levees rise ;
 Must pass our youth in real pain,
 For ease in age to hope in vain.

Where we must change day into night,
 Night into day, at others will ;
 Must take disgusto to give delight,
 And slight good men to honour ill ;
 Make many foes, nay be our own,
 To gain a friend where there is none.

Song CLIX. *Strephon, when you, &c.*

STrephon, when you see me fly,
 Let not this your fear create ;
 Maids may be as often shy
 Out of love, as out of hate :
 When from you I fly away,
 It is because I dare not stay.

Did I out of hatred run,
 Lefs you'd be my pain and care ;
 But the youth I love, to shun,
 Who can such trial bear ?
 Who, that such a swain did see,
 Who could love and fly, like me ?

Cruel duty bids me go,
 Gentle love commands me stay ;
 Duty's still to love a foe,
 Shall I this or that obey ?
 Duty frowns, and Cupid smiles,
 That defends, and this beguiles.

Ever by these crystal streams
 I could sit, and hear thee sigh :
 Ravish'd with these pleasing dreams,
 Oh ! 'tis worse than death to fly :
 But the danger is so great,
 Fear gives wings instead of hate.

Strephon, if you love me, leave me ;
 If you stay, I am undone ;
 Oh ! with ease you may deceive me,
 Prithee, charming swain, be gone :
 Heaven decrees that we should part,
 That has my vows, but you my heart.

Song CLX. *Fate had design'd, &c.*

FATE had design'd this worst of all ages,
 For Christian valour a glorious doom;
 'Tis the Grand Seignior's prowess intrages,
 Who thought a million would soon o'ercome.
 Mahomet lent the great Musti a vision,
 How all the Germans bemoan'd their condition;
 Squadrons were scanted,
 Officers wanted,
 Only Eugene for Christendom.

Two hundred thousand made the Turk's army,
 Three quarters more than in fight prevail;
 Not so the Germans, who could alarm ye
 Only with valour, when forces fail.
 Now the Grand Vizier, his Musselmen treating,
 Swore the poor handfuls were scarce worth his beating,
 But not performing,
 Brave Eugene storming,
 All run away from proud horse tails.

Now soars the cross, and now flies the crescent,
 Thousands now wait the victorious prize;
 Now bloody wounds and groans are incessant,
 Now the bold Vizier despairing dies.
 Farewel the grandeur of Ottoman power,
 Thinking the brightness of Christians to lower,
 Brave Eugene's story,
 Blooms with fresh glory,
 Whilst Christendom old faith enjoys.



Song CLXI. *The fourteenth of October.*

YE Gods! was Strephon's picture blest
 With the fair heaven of Chloe's breast?
 Move softer, thou fond flut'ring heart,
 Oh gently throb, — too fierce thou art.
 Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,
 For Strephon was the bliss design'd?
 For Strephon's sake, dear charming maid,
 Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade?

And thou blest shade, that sweetly art
 Lodg'd so near my Chloe's heart,
 For me the tender hour improve,
 And softly tell how dear I love.
 Ungrateful thing! it scorns to hear
 Its wretched master's ardent pray'r,
 Ingrossing all that beauteous heaven,
 That Chloe, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee; were I lord
 Of all the wealth those breasts afford,
 I'd be a miser too, nor give
 An alms to keep a God alive.
 Oh smile not thus, my lovely fair,
 On those cold looks, that lifeless air,
 Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,
 With eager love and soft desire.

'Tis true, thy charms, O powerful maid,
 To life can bring the silent shade:
 Thou canst surpass the painter's art,
 And real warmth and flames impart.
 But oh! it ne'er can love like me,
 I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:
 Then, charmer, grant my fond request,
 Say, thou canst love, and make me blest.

Song CLXII. *Bacchus one Day gayly striding.*

NOT this blooming April season
 Can relieve my aking heart;
 Spite of all the force of reason,
 Still I act a frantick part:
 As the canker eats the roses,
 And the springing green destroys,
 So despair my rest opposes,
 And consumes my rising joys.

Every valley, field and mountain,
 Flow'ry plain and verdant grove,
 Warbling bird, and sparkling fountain,
 Minds me of my luckless love:
 When the cowslip I discover,
 Springing o'er the primrose fair,
 Thee (I sigh) my gentle lover!
 Would have cropp'd to deck my hair.

If I sadly sit reflecting
 By some bloomy hawthorn tree;
 All my sorrows recollecting,
 Love, I cry, resembles thee:
 He all flowery can appear,
 To conceal his poison'd dart,
 But the wretch that trusts him near,
 Grasps a thorn, and wounds the heart.

Song CLXIII. *Gay Bacchus, &c.*

GAY Bacchus, liking Estcourt's wine,
 A noble meal bespoke;
 And for the guests that were to dine,
 Brought Comus, Love, and Joke.
 The God near Cupid drew his chair,
 And Joke near Comus plac'd;
 Thus Wine makes Love forget its care,
 And Mirth exalts a feast.

The more to please each sprightly God,
Each sweet engaging Grace
Put on some cloaths to come abroad,
And took a waiter's place.

Then Cupid nam'd at ev'ry glafs
A lady of the sky,
While Bacchus swore he'd drink the lass,
And had it bumper high.

Fat Comus toft his brimmer o'er,
And always got the most ;
For Joke took care to fill him more,
Whene'er he mist the toast.

They call'd, and drank at ev'ry touch,
Then fill'd and drank again ;
And if the Gods can take too much,
'Tis said, they did so then.

Free jests run all the table round,
And with the wine conspire,
(While they by sly reflection wound)
To set their heads on fire.

Gay Bacchus little Cupid stung
By reck'ning his deceits ;
And Cupid mock'd his stamm'ring tongue,
With all his stagg'ring gaits.

Joke droll'd on Comus' greedy ways,
And tales without a jest,
While Comus called his witty plays
But waggeries at best.

Such talk soon set them all at odds,
And had I Homer's Pen,
I'd sing ye how they drank like Gods,
And how they fought like men.

To part the fray, the Graces fly,
Who made them soon agree;
And had the Furies selves been nigh,
They still were three to three.

Bacchus appear'd, rais'd Cupid up,
And gave him back his bow,
But kept some dart to stir the cup
Where sack and sugar flow.

Joke, taking Comus' rosy crown,
In triumph wore the prize,
And thrice in mirth he push'd him down,
As thrice he strove to rise.

Then Cupid sought the myrtle grove
Where Venus did recline,
And beauty, close embracing love,
They join'd to rail at wine.

And Comus, loudly cursing wit,
Roll'd off to some retreat,
Where boon companions gravely sit
In fat unweildly state.

Bacchus and Joke, who stay behind,
For one fresh glass prepare;
They kiss, and are exceeding kind,
And vow to be sincere.

But part in time, whoever hear
This our instructive song:
For tho' such friendships may be dear,
They can't continue long.



Song CLXIV. *Waft me, some soft, &c.*

WAFT me, some soft and cooling breeze,
 To Windfor's shady, kind retreat,
 Where sylvan scenes, wide-spreading trees,
 Repel the raging dog-star's heat :

Where tufted grass, and mossy beds,
 Afford a rural calm repose ;
 Where woodbinds hang their dewy heads,
 And fragrant sweets around disclose.

Old oozy Thames, that flows fast by,
 Along the smiling valley plays ;
 His glassy surface cheers the eye,
 And thro' the flow'ry meadow strays.

His fertile banks with herbage green,
 His vales with smiling plenty swell ;
 Where'er his purer stream is seen,
 The Gods of Health and Pleasure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave
 With naked arm once more divide ;
 In thee my glowing bosom lave,
 And stem thy gently-rolling tide.

Lay me with damask roses crown'd
 Beneath some osier's dusky shade ;
 Where water-lillies paint the ground,
 And bubbling springs refresh the glade.

Let chaste Clarinda too be there,
 With azure mantle lightly dress'd ;
 Ye nymphs, bind up her silken hair,
 Ye zephyrs, fan her panting breast.

O haste

O haste away, fair maid, and bring
The muse, the kindly friend to love,
To thee alone the muse shall sing,
And warble thro' the vocal grove.

Song CLXV. *'Twas when summer, &c.*

T WAS when summer was rosy,
In woods and fields many a posy,
When late young flaxen-hair'd Nelly
Was way-laid by bonny black Willey;
He ogled her and teaz'd her,
He smuggled her and squeez'd her;
He grabbed her too very near the belly:
She cry'd, I never will hear ye,
Oh Lord, I can't bear ye,
Ye tickle, tickle so, tickle so, Willey.

Soon the fit tho' was over,
And Nelly her breath did recover;
When Willy bated his wooing,
And coolly prepar'd to be going;
When Nelly tho' he teaz'd her,
And grabbed her and squeez'd her,
Cry'd stay a little, I vow and swear I could kill ye,
Another touch, I can bear ye,
Oh Lord, oh Lord, I will hear ye,
Then tickle me again, tickle me again, Willey.

Song CLXVI. *Young Orpheus, &c.*

Y Oung Orpheus tickled his harp so well,
He gain'd fair Euridice out of hell,
With a twinkum, twankum, twang.
Had she been honest, as she was fair,
'Tis a great wonder she e'er come there,
With a twinkum, twankum, twang,

But 'tis to be fear'd she prov'd a scold,
 'Tis to be fear'd, 'tis to be fear'd she prov'd a scold,
 And therefore the Devil had got her,
 And therefore the Devil had got her in hold :
 But for fear she should poison all Hell with her tongue,
 The devil releas'd her for an old song,
 Which was twinkum, twankum, twinkum, twankum,
 Twinkum, twankum, twang.

Song CLXVII. *Wast me, some soft and cooling
 Breeze.*

THE feather'd songster of the skies,
 Free from the fowler's fraudulent snare,
 From grove to grove exulting flies,
 And wantons in the waste of air.
 But if the net her flight restrains,
 She vainly flutters to and fro;
 Of sad captivity complains,
 In accents of melodious woe.

Song CLXVIII. *Ton humeur est Catharine.*

WOman's like the flat'ring ocean,
 Who her pathless ways can find?
 Every blast directs her motion,
 Now she's angry, now she's kind.
 What a fool's the vent'rous lover,
 Whirl'd and tofs'd by every wind!
 Can the bark the port recover,
 When the silly pilot's blind?



Song CLXIX. Ab stay! ah turn!

AH stay! ah turn! ah! whither would you flie,
Too charming, too relentless maid?
I follow not to conquer, but to die;
You of the fearful are afraid.

In vain I call; for she like fleeting air,
When prest by some tempestuous wind,
Flies swifter from the voice of my despair,
Nor casts one pitying look behind.

Song CLXX. As Celia near a Fountain lay.

TELL me not Celia once did bless
Another mortal's arms;
That cannot make my passion less,
Nor mitigate her charms.

Shall I refuse to quench my thirst,
Depending life to save,
Because some drouthy shepherd first
Has kiss'd the smiling wave?
No, no; methinks 'tis wond'rous great,
And suits a noble blood,
To have in love, as well as state,
A taster to our food.

Song CLXXI. Chloë, a Coquet in her prime.

CHLOE, a coquet in her prime,
The vaineft, fickleft thing alive,
Behold the strange effects of time!
Marries, and dotes at forty five.

So weathercocks, that for a while
Have veer'd about with every blast,
Grown old, and destitute of oil,
Rust to a point, and fix at last.

Song CLXXII. *Down among the dead Men.*

Here's a health to the King, and a lasting peace;
 May faction be dumb, and discord cease:
 Come, let us drink it while we've breath,
 For there's no drinking after death;
 And he that won't with this comply,
 Down among the dead men,
 Down among the dead men,
 Down, down, down, down,
 Down among the dead men let him lie.

Now a health to the Queen, and may she long
 B'our first fair-toast to grace our song;
 Off w' your hats, w' your knee on the ground,
 Take off your bumpers all around;
 And he that will not drink his dry,
 Down among, &c. let him lie.

Let charming beauty's health go round,
 In whom celestial joys are found;
 And may confusion still pursue
 The senseless woman-hating crew;
 And he that will this health deny,
 Down among, &c. let him lie.

Here's thriving to trade, and the common-weal,
 And patriots to their country leil;
 But who for bribes gives Satan his soul,
 May he ne'er laugh o'er a flowing bowl;
 And all that with such rogues comply,
 Down among, &c. let them lie.

In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
 Deny no pleasure to my soul;
 Let Bacchus health round swiftly move,
 For Bacchus is a friend to love;
 And he that does this health deny,
 Down among, &c. let him lie.

Song CLXXIII. *Come let us prepare.*

HERE are the best horses,
 That ever ran courses,
 Here is the best pad for your wife, fir,
 Who rides one a day,
 If luck's in his way,
 May ride in a coach all his life, fir.

The sportsman esteems
 The horse more than gems,
 That leaps o'er a pitiful gate, fir,
 But here is the hack,
 If you sit but his back,
 Will leap you into an estate, fir.

Song CLXXIV. *To you fair Ladies.*

WHEN as corruption hence did go,
 And left the nation free,
 When ay said ay, and no said no,
 Without a place or fee;
 Then Satan, thinking things went ill,
 Sent forth his spirit call'd quadrille;
 Quadrille, quadrille, quadrille.

Kings, queens, and knaves made up his pack,
 And four fair suits he wore,
 His troops they were with red and black
 All blotch'd and spotted o'er:
 And ev'ry house, go where you will,
 Is haunted by this imp, quadrille.

Sure cards he has for ev'ry thing,
 Which well court-cards they name,
 And, statesman-like, calls in the king,
 To help out a bad game;

But if the parties manage ill,
The king is forc'd to lose codille.

When two and two were met of old,
Tho' they ne'er meant to marry,
They were in Cupid's books enroll'd,
And call'd a party quare;
But now, meet when and where you will,
A party quare is quadrille.

The commoner, the knight, and peer,
Men of all ranks and fame,
Leave to their wives the only care
To propagate their name;
And well that duty they fulfil,
While the good husband's at quadrille.

When patient lies in piteous case,
In comes th' apothecary,
And to the doctor cries, alas!
Non debes quadrillare!
The patient dies without a pill,
For why? the Doctor's at quadrille.

Should France and Spain again grow loud,
The Muscovite grow louder,
Britain, to curb her neighbours proud,
Would want both ball and powder:
Must want both sword and gun to kill,
For why? the gen'ral's at quadrille.

The king of late drew forth his sword,
(Thank God, 'twas not in wrath)
And made of many a 'squire and lord,
An unwash'd Knight of Bath;
What are these feats of arms and skill?
They're but nine parties at quadrille.

A party late at Cambray met,
Which drew all Europe's eyes:
'Twas call'd in Post-Boy and Gazette,
The quadruple allies:
But somebody took something ill,
So broke this party at quadrille.

And now God save this noble realm,
And God save eke Hanover,
And God save those who hold the helm,
When as the King goes over;
But let the King go where he will,
His subjects must play at quadrille.

Song CLXXV. *Thirsis, a youth, &c.*

THIRsis, a youth of the inspired train,
Fair Sacharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
Like Phœbus sung the no less am'rous boy,
Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy.
With numbers he the flying nymph pursues,
With numbers such as Phœbus self might use:
All but the nymph, that should redress his wrong,
Attend his passion, and approve his song.
Like Phœbus thus acquiring unsought praise,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

Song CLXXVI. *O'er the Hills and far away.*

LET meaner beauties use their art,
And range both Indies for their dress:
Our fair can captivate the heart,
In native weeds, nor look the less.
More bright unborrowed beauties shine,
The artless sweetness of each face
Sparkles with lustres more divine,
When freed of every foreign grace.

But if the parties manage ill,
The king is forc'd to lose codille.

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When freed of every foreign grace.

The tawny nymph on scorching plains
 May use the aid of gems and paint,
 Deck with brocade and Tyrian stains
 Features of ruder form and taint.
 What Caledonian ladies wear,
 Or from the lint or woollen twine,
 Adorn'd by all their sweets, appear
 What e'er we can imagine fine.

Apparel neat becomes the fair,
 The dirty dress may lovers cool,
 But clean, our maids need have no care,
 If clad in linnen, silk, or wool.
 T'adore Myrtilla, who can cease?
 Her active charms our praise demand,
 Clad in a mantua, from the fleece
 Spun by her own delightful hand.

Who can behold Calista's eyes,
 Her breast, her cheek, and snowy arms,
 And mind what artists can devise,
 To rival more superior charms?
 Compar'd with those, the diamond's dull,
 Launs, satins, and the velvets fade;
 The soul, with her attractions full,
 Can never be by these betray'd.

Saphira, all o'er native sweets,
 Not the false glare of dress regards,
 Her wit her character completes,
 Her smile her lovers sighs rewards.
 When such first beauties lead the way,
 The inferior rank will follow soon;
 Then arts no longer shall decay,
 But trade encouraged be in tune.

Millions of fleeces shall be wove,
 And flax, that in the valley blooms,
 Shall make the naked nations love,
 And bless the labours of our looms.

We have enough, nor want from them,
But trifles hardly worth our care,
Yet for these trifles let them claim
What food and cloth we have to spare.

How happy's Scotland in her fair !
Her amiable daughters shall,
By acting thus with virtuous care,
Again the golden age recall :
Enjoying them, Edina ne'er
Shall miss a court; but soon advance
In wealth, when thus the lov'd appear
Around the scenes, or in the dance.

Barbarity shall yield to sense,
And lazy pride to useful arts,
When such dear angels, in defence
Of virtue, thus engage their hearts.
Blest guardians of our joys and wealth,
True fountains of delight and love,
Long bloom your charms, fixt be your health,
Till tir'd with earth, you mount above.

Song -CLXXVII. *Sweet, use your time.*

THE frantick know
No thought of woe,
No sense of fear or smart.
Reflection wings
Ten thousand stings,
With anguish to the heart.
What they have lost,
We to our cost,
But for our torment keep :
Their cares forgot,
They feel 'em not ;
But laugh while others weep.

Song CLXXVIII. *Transported with pleasure.*

TRansported with pleasure,
 I gaze on my treasure,
 And ravish my sight;
 While she gayly smiling,
 My anguish beguiling,
 Augments my delight.

How blest is the lover,
 Whose torments are over,
 His fears and his pains:
 When beauty relenting,
 Repays, with consenting,
 Her scorn and disdain!

Song CLXXIX. *'Twas on a River's verdant
 Side, &c.*

WHEN Cynthia saw Bathsheba's charms,
 In wanton colours drest;
 Those lips, those killing eyes, those arms;
 (I dare not name the rest)

The blushing, envious, angry maid,
 Observ'd, with various passions tost,
 To ev'ry vulgar eye betray'd
 Those beauties she alone could boast.

A fatal weapon forth she drew,
 To check the curious painter's pride,
 To veil those charms, she only knew,
 Those beauties only she could hide.

'Tis well, enamour'd Damon cry'd,
 E'en let the paltry copy fall,
 By you the loss is well supply'd,
 In you we find th' original,

Song CLXXX. *Come hither, &c.*

COME hither, my country 'Squire,
Take friendly instructions from me;
The lords shall admire
Thy taste in attire,
The ladies shall languish for thee.
Such flaunting, gallanting and jaunting,
And frolicking thou shalt see.
Thou ne'er like a clown
Shalt quit London's sweet town,
To live in thy own country.

A skimming dish hat provide,
With little more brim than lace;
Nine hairs on a side,
To a pigtail ty'd,
Will set off thy jolly broad face.
Such flaunting, &c.

Go get thee a footman's frock,
A cudgel quite up to thy nose;
Then frize like a shock,
And plaister thy block,
And buckle thy shoes at thy toes.
Such flaunting, &c.

A brace of ladies fair
To pleasure thee shall strive;
In a chaise and pair,
They shall take the air,
And thou on the box shalt drive.
Such flaunting, &c.

Convert thy acres to cash,
And saw thy timber down;
Who'd keep such trash,
And not cut a flash,
Or enjoy the delights of the town?
Such flaunting, &c.

Song CLXXXI. *Would you know how we
meet o'er our jolly full Bowls?*

Would you know how we meet o'er our jolly full bowls?
As we mingle our Liquors, we mingle our souls:
The sharp melts the sweet, the kind smooths the strong,
And nothing but friendship grows all the night long:
We drink, laugh, and celebrate ev'ry desire;
Love only remains our unquenchable fire.

Song CLXXXII. *Stay, Shepherd, stay, I pri-
thee stay.*

O Why did e'er my thoughts aspire
To wish for that no crown can buy!
'Tis sacrilege, but to desire
What she in honour will deny.

As Indians do the eastern skies,
I at a distance must adore
The brighter glories of her eyes,
And never dare pretend to more.

Song CLXXXIII. *Young Cupid I find.*

Young Cupid I find
To subdue me inclin'd,
But at length I a stratagem found,
That will rid me of him;
For i'll drink to the brim,
And unless he can swim,
He like other puppies will drown.

Song CLXXXIV. *If Love the Virgin's Heart
invade.*

WHEN Daphne o'er the meadows fled,
To save her untouch'd maidenhead,
And shun Apollo's suit:
The haughty Virgin did not fear
His certain darts, nor scorn to hear
The musick of his lute.

No—something else must needs create
The cause of such a cruel hate :
And this was her condition ;
She lov'd the god, as he was fair,
And of a bright immortal air,
But hated the physician.

Song CLXXXV. English Roast-Beef.

WHen humming brown beer was the Englishman's taste,
Our wives they were merry, our daughters were
chaste ;
Their breath smelt like roses when ever embrac'd,
Oh the brown beer of old England !
and old English brown beer.

E'er coffee and tea found its way to the town,
Our ancestors they by their fires sat down,
Their bread it was white, and their beer it was brown,
Oh the brown beer, &c.

Our heroes of old, of whose conquest we boast,
Could make a good meal of a pot and a toast,
Oh did we so now, we should soon rule the roast,
Oh the brown beer, &c.

When the great Spanish Fleet on our coast did appear,
Our sailors each one drank a jorum of beer,
And sent them away with a flea in their ear,
Oh the brown beer, &c.

Our clergymen then took a cup of good beer,
E'er they mounted the rostrum, their spirits to chear,
Then preach'd against vices, tho' courtiers were near,
Oh the brown beer, &c.

Their doctrines then were authentick and bold,
Well grounded on scripture and fathers of old,
But now they preach nothing, but what they are told,
Oh the brown beer, &c.

For

For since the geneva and strong rattasea,
They are dwindled to nothing, but stay—let me see—
Faith, nothing at all, but meer fiddle dee dee.

Oh the brown beer of old England!
and old English brown beer.

Song CLXXXVI. *Chloe blush'd, &c.*

CHloe blush'd, and frown'd, and swore,
And push'd me rudely from her;
I call'd her faithless, jilting whore,
To talk to me of honour.

But when I rose, and would be gone,
She cry'd, nay, wither go ye?
Young Damon, stay, now we're alone,
Do what you will with Chloe.

Song CLXXXVII. *Bush aboon Traquair.*

AT setting day, and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit oft the birken bush,
Where first thou kindly told me,
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood-shaw, or fountain:
Or where the summer-day I'd share
With thee, upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender.
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

Song

Song CLXXXVIII. *The Man that is drunk,
is void of all care.*

THE man that is drunk, is void of all care,
He needs not the Parthian quiver or spear;
The worst poison'd lance he scorns for to wield,
His bottle alone is his sword and his shield. Fa, la, la.

Undaunted he goes amongst bullies and whores,
Demolishes windows, and breaks open doors,
He strols all the night, and in fear of no evil,
He boldly defies either proctor or devil.

Come place me, you deities, under the line,
Were there never a tree, nor aught but a vine;
Yet there would I choose to swelter and sweat,
Without e'er a rag on, to fence off the heat.

Or place me where sun-shine is ne'er to be found,
Where the earth is with winter eternally bound;
Yet there would I nought but my bottle require,
My bottle alone will fill me with fire.

My tutor he jobs me, and lays me down rules;
Who minds them, but dull philosophical fools?
For when we are grown old, and can no more drink,
'Tis time enough for us to sit down and think.

'Twas thus Alexander was tutor'd in vain,
And call'd Aristotle a fool for his pain;
By drinking alone he got his renown,
And when he was drunk, the world was his own.

This world is a tavern, with liquor well stor'd,
And in it I came to be drunk as a lord;
My life is the reckoning, which I'll freely pay,
Then dead drunk at last I'll be carry'd away.

Song CLXXXIX. *Ye Commons and Peers.*

FROM good liquor ne'er shrink,
 In friendship we'll drink;
 And drown all grim care and pale sorrow :
 Let us husband to day,
 For time flies swift away,
 And no one's assur'd of to-morrow.

Of all the gay sages
 That grac'd the past ages,
 Dad Noah the most did excel ;
 He first planted the vine,
 First tasted the wine,
 And got nobly drunk, as they tell.

Say, why should not we
 Get as bosky as he,
 Since here's liquor as well will inspire ?
 Then fill up my glass,
 I'll see that it pass,
 To the Manes of that good old fire.

Song CXC. *Come, let's be merry.*

COME, let's be merry,
 While we've good sherry ;
 Come, let's be airy,
 Sprightly, and gay :
 Good wine's a pleasure,
 The only treasure,
 That makes us joyful
 By night or day.
 Wine makes us jolly,
 Cures melancholy,
 Drowns all our folly,
 Makes our hearts glad ;
 While we're possessing
 That glorious blessing,
 Good wine caressing,
 Let's not be sad.

Song CXCI. *Genteel in Personage.*

Genteel in personage,
 Conduct, and equipage,
 Noble by heritage,
 Generous and free.
 Brave, not romantic,
 Learn, not pedantic,
 Frolic, not frantic,
 This must be he.

Honour maintaining,
 Meanness disdaining,
 Still entertaining,
 Engaging and new.
 Neat, but not finical,
 Sage, but not Cynical,
 Never tyrannical,
 But ever true.

Song CXCI. *The Lady's Dream.*

I Dream't I saw a piteous sight,
 Young Cupid weeping lay,
 Until his pretty stars of light
 Had wept themselves away.
 Methought I ask'd him why he wept,
 Mere pity led me on;
 He deeply sigh'd, and then reply'd,
 Alas, I am undone!
 As I beneath yon myrtle lay,
 Close by Diana's springs,
 Amintor stole my bow away,
 And pinnion'd both my wings.
 Alas! said I, 'twas then thy bow,
 Wherewith he wounded me:
 Thou art a God, and such a blow,
 Could come from none but thee.

But if thou wilt revenged be
 On that ambitious swain,
 I'll set thy wings at liberty,
 And thou shalt fly again ;

And all the service on my part
 That I require of thee,
 Is, that you'd wound Amintor's heart,
 And make him die for me.

The filken fetters I unty'd,
 And the gay wings display'd ;
 He mounting gently, fann'd and cry'd,
 Adieu, fond foolish maid !

At that I blush'd, and angry grew
 I should the God believe ;
 But waking, found my dream too true,
 Alas, I was a slave !

Song CXCI. *When Delia on the Plain, &c.*

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
 Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
 I wou'd approach, but dare not move ;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ;
 Tell me, tell me, my heart, if this be love.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
 No other voice but hers can bear,
 No other wit but hers approve ;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

If she some other swain commend,
 Tho' I was once his fondest friend,
 That instant, enemy I prove ;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When she is absent, I no more
 Delight in all that pleas'd before,

The clearest spring, or shady grove ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love. .

When arm'd with insolent disdain,
She seem'd to triumph o'er my pain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

Song CXCIV. *Tweed-side.*

When hope was quite sunk in despair,
My heart it was going to break ;
My life appear'd worthless my care,
But now I will sav't for thy sake.
Where-e'er my love travels by day,
Wherever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image shall stay,
And my soul keep him e'er in my fight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,
And study the gentlest charms ;
Hope time away, till thou appear,
To lock thee for ay in these arms.
Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life ;
But now I'll endeavour to rise
To a height is becoming thy wife.

For beauty, that's only skin deep,
Must fade like the gowans of May,
But inwardly rooted, will keep
For ever, without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the husband have sense to approve.

Song CXCV. *In vain fond Shepherd, &c.*

IN vain, fond shepherd, is thy suit, in vain,
 Pursuing Chloe will increase thy pain;
 'Tis here will be no return but cold disdain:
 Then urge no more thy passion to the fair,
 She will bless only one, Fayon employs her care.

Song CXCVI. *God of Sleep, &c.*

GOD of sleep, for whom I languish,
 God of golden dreams and peace;
 Help to ease a lover's anguish,
 Help to make his torments cease.
 Spread thy sacred pinions o'er me,
 Lull the busy soul to rest;
 Then bring her I love before me,
 She that's seated in my breast.
 If kind, as fair, my prize I'll take,
 And, great as Jove, the world forsake,
 Thus blest, O let me lie and dream, and never wake!
 But if the fair, divinely bright,
 Rejects my vows, and scorns my flame;
 Fly, kind sleep, restore the light,
 Tell Strephon, it was all a dream.

Song CXCVII. *Strephon, how can, &c.*

STrephon, how can you cruel prove,
 And flight me, when you see I love?
 What madness has possessed your mind?
 Must you prove false, because I am kind?

The love so eagerly you sought,
 I gave you sooner than I ought;
 But now I am banish'd from your breast,
 Because I granted your request.

May the next woman you address,
 Punish you more, and love you less;

Then

Then like a spaniel you will prove,
The worse you're us'd, the more you'll love.

Song CXCVIII. *Had I the World at my Command.*

Pursuing beauty, Men descry
The distant shoar, and long to prove
(Still richer in variety)

The treasures of the land of love.

We women, like weak Indians, stand

Inviting, from our golden coast,

The wand'ring rovers to our land :

But she, who trades with 'em, is lost.

With humble vows they first begin,

Stealing, unseen, into the heart;

But by possession settled in,

They quickly act another part.

For beads and baubles we resign

In ignorance our shining store,

Discover Nature's richest mine,

And yet the tyrants will have more.

Be wise, be wise, and do not try

How he can court, or you be won ;

For love is but discovery,

When that is made, the pleasure's done.

Song CXCIX. *There liv'd long ago in a Country Place.*

THE am'rous spark talks of flames, darts, and fires,
Swears the nymph is divine, till with love she expires ;

But ah ! shou'd she believe, to the flatt'ry blind,

Too late, when deceiv'd, that she's mortal will find.

So fervent's the swain, his devotion is paid

To the pow'r of the goddess his passion had made ;

But the worship will cease when the pleasure is o'er,

Then woman she proves, tho' an angel before.

Song

Song CC. *Gin thou wer't, &c.*

GIN thou wer't mine en'e thing,
 I would love thee, I would love thee,
Gin thou wer't my en'e thing,
 So dearly I wou'd love thee.

I wou'd take thee in my arms,
 I'd secure thee from all harms,
 Above all mortals thou hast charms,
 So dearly I do love thee.

What charms are those that conquer me !
 A slave I find I still must be ;
 Divine creature, pity me,
 For dearly do I love thee.
 The Gods one thing peculiar have,
 To ruin none whom they can save ;
 Then for their sakes support your slave,
 Who only lives to love thee.

Thou hast stole my heart away,
 Oh ! those words I ne'er shou'd say ;
 But if you'll think of me, you may,
 For dearly I do love thee.

Oh ! I never, never knew,
 What the pains of love can do,
 E'er I felt those pains for you,
 So dearly do I love thee.

Of divine race thou needs must be,
 Since nothing earthly equals thee,
 By Heav'ns I beg you'll favour me,
 For dearly do I love thee.

To merit I no claim can make,
 But that I love, and for your sake,
 What man can do, I'll undertake,
 So dearly do I love thee.

To shew how constant I will prove,
 No wealth on earth shall change my love ;
 By all the sacred powers above,
 Most dearly do I love thee.

Song

Song CCI. *Sweet are the Charms.*

BEhold, and listen, while the fair
Breaks in sweet sounds the willing air,
And with her own breath fans the fire,
Which her bright eyes do first inspire.
What reason can that love controul,
Which more than one way courts the soul?

So when a flash of lightning falls
On our abodes, the danger calls
For human aid, which hopes the flame
To conquer, though from heaven it came;
But if the winds with that conspire,
Men strive not, but deplore the fire.

Song CCII. *I'll range around the shady
Bowers.*

THAT which her slender waist confin'd,
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extreamest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely dear;
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass, and yet there,
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.



Song CCIII. *Slaves to London, &c.*

SLaves to London, I'll deceive you,
 For the country now I leave ye;
 Who can drink, and not be mad,
 Wine so dear, and yet so bad?
 So much noise, and air so smoaky,
 That to stun ye, this to choak ye,
 Men so selfish, false, and rude,
 Nymphs so young, and yet so lewd.

If we play, we're sure of losing,
 If we love, our doom we're choosing;
 At the play-house tedious sport,
 Cant i'th' city, cringe at court;
 Dirty streets, and dirtier bullies,
 Jolting coaches, whores, and cullies,
 Knaves and coxcombs every where;
 Who that's wife would tarry here?

Quiet, harmless, country pleasure,
 Shall at home engross my leisure;
 Farewel, London, I'll repair
 To my native country air,
 And leave all thy plagues behind me,
 But at home my wife will find me—
 Oh ye Gods! tis ten times worse;
 London is the milder curse.

Song CCIV. *That all Men are Beggars, &c.*

OLD poets have told us, when they were grown mellow,
 That Jupiter was a fantastical fellow,
 He would chatter, and thunder, and wheedle, and bellow,
 Which no body can deny, deny, which no body can deny.

He

He was charm'd with a damsel, but could not tell how
To humour his liquorish fancy; and so
He clapp'd up his nymph in the shape of a cow,
Which no body can deny, &c.

But here let us make up our poetry full;
For the man must have got no brains in his skull,
Who does not conclude, that Jove turn'd a bull,
Which no body can deny, &c.

His method of wooing was loud and sonorous,
At the time of the year when the sun enters Taurus;
Then Taurus did enter fair to the porous,
Which no body can deny, &c.

He gave her two horns for a screen to his love,
As Juno gave him, as plainly does prove,
There's a strumpet below, for a cuckold above,
Which no body can deny, &c.

The lovers, by instinct, together were moving,
When he had a fancy on earth to be roving;
Then she ran a bulling, or else ran a Joving,
Which no body can deny, &c.

They may pass for as clever a cornuted pair,
As you e'er saw at Smithfield (where the sight is not rare;
Or at Brentford, or Rumsford, or any Horn-fair.
Which no body can deny, &c.

Tho' I take it for granted, that nothing more odd is,
Instead of a shepherdess lac'd in her boddice,
That a swag-belly'd cow should go for a goddess,
Which no body can deny, &c.

Alexander, who conquer'd full many a foe,
Mars, Hercules, Neptune, and more than we know,
Were sons of this Jove, tho' not by Juno,
Which no body can deny, &c.

But as the prolific virtue wore off,
 His am'rous feats made all the world laugh,
 He could get no more heroes, and so got a calf.
 Which no body can deny, &c.

Diogenes grave was the fruit of this rub,
 For his name does pronounce him a Jupiter's cub;
 He was born in a cow-house, and liv'd in a tub,
 Which no body can deny, &c.

Let a consort of Butchers remember the thing;
 Let cleavers and marrow-bones merrily ring;
 Such a jovial choir Io Poëans may sing,
 Which no body can deny, deny, which no body can deny.

Song CCV. As Celia near a Fountain lay.

WERE I to choose the greatest bliss,
 That e'er in love was known,
 'T would be the highest of my wish,
 To enjoy her heart alone.

Kings might possess their kingdoms free,
 And crowns unenvy'd wear,
 They should no rival have of me,
 Might I reign monarch there.

Hear, Cynthia, hear the gentle air,
 But whisper out my love,
 And prove but half so kind as fair,
 My sorrow you'll remove.

Cynthia, oh! let us happy be,
 Unite our hearts in love,
 I'd change not such felicity
 For all the joys above.



Song CCVI. *A Soldier and a Sailor, &c.*

A Soldier and a sailor, a tinker and a taylor,
 Had once a doubtful strife, fir,
 To make a maid a wife, fir,
 Whose name was buxom Joan,
 Whose name was buxom Joan :
 For now the time was ended,
 When she no more intended
 To lick her lips at man, fir,
 And lie a-nights alone.

The foldier swore like thunder,
 He lov'd her more than plunder ;
 And shew'd her many a scar, fir,
 Which he had brought from far, fir,
 With fighting for her sake.

The taylor thought to please her,
 By off'ring her his measure ;
 The tinker too, with metal,
 Said he wou'd mend her kettle,
 And stop up ev'ry leak.

But while these three were prating,
 The sailor sily waiting ;
 Thought, if it came about, fir,
 That they should all fall out, fir,
 He then might play his part :
 And just e'en as he meant, fir,
 To logger-heads they went, fir,
 And then he let fly at her
 A shot 'twixt wind and water,
 Which won this fair maid's heart.

Song CCVII. *Thomas I cannot.*

A Fig for the dainty civil spouse,
 Who's bred at the court, or France;
 He treats his wife with smiles and bows,
 And minds not the good main chance;
 Be Gregory
 The man for me,
 Tho' given to many a maggot,
 For he would work
 Like any Turk,
 None like him e'er handled a faggot, a faggot,
 None like him e'er handled a faggot.

Song CCVIII. *My Goddess Celia heav'nly fair.*

SEE, see, she wakes, Sabina wakes,
 And now the sun begins to rise;
 Less glorious is the morn that breaks
 From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.
 With light united, day they give,
 But diff'rent fates e'er night fulfil:
 How many by his warmth will live!
 How many will her coldness kill!

Song CCIX. *What tho' I am a Country Lass.*

WHEN Gammer Gurton first I knew,
 Four teeth in all she reckon'd:
 Comes a damn'd cough, and whips out two,
 And t'other two a second.
 Courage, old dame, and never fear,
 The third, when e'er it comes—a;
 Give me but t'other jug of beer,
 And I'll ensure your Gums—a.

Song

Song CCX. *The Sun was just setting, &c.*

THE sun was just setting, the reaping was done,
And over the common I tript it alone;
Then whom shou'd I meet, but young Dick of our town,
Who swore, e'er I went, I shou'd have a green gown;

He prest me, I stumbl'd,
He push'd me, I tumbl'd,
He kiss'd me, I grumbl'd;
But still he kiss'd on;

Then rose and went from me as soon as he'd done.

If he be not hamper'd for serving me so,
May I be worse rumpl'd,
Worse tumbl'd, and jumbl'd,
Wherever, wherever I go.

Before an old justice I summon'd the spark,
And how do you think I was serv'd by his clerk?
He pull'd out his ink-horn, and ask'd me his fee,
You now shall relate the whole business, quoth he.
He prest me, &c.

The justice then came, tho' grave was his look,
Seem'd to wish I wou'd kiss him instead of the book;
He whisper'd, his clerk then leaving the place,
I was had to his chamber to open my case.
He prest me, &c.

I went to our parson to make my complaint,
He look'd like a Bacchus, but preach'd like a saint;
He said, we should soberly nature refresh;
Then nine times he urg'd me to humble the flesh.

He prest me, I stumbl'd,
He push'd me, I tumbl'd,
He kiss'd me, I grumbl'd;
But still he kiss'd on;

Then rose and went from me as soon as he'd done:

If he be not hamper'd for serving me so,
May I be worse rumpl'd,
Worse tumbl'd, and jumbl'd,
Wherever, wherever I go.

Song CCXI. Pious Selinda, &c.

Pious Selinda goes to pray'rs,
 If I but ask the favour;
 And yet the tender fool's in tears,
 When she believes I'll leave her.

Wou'd I were free from this restraint,
 Or else had hopes to win her;
 Wou'd she cou'd make of me a saint,
 Or I of her a sinner.

Song CCXII. Jovial Beggar.

I Am a jolly bowler,
 Of the free-thinking club;
 And all my notes are, fly, fly, fly,
 Rub, rub a thousand, rub,
 And a bowling we will go, &c.

There's ne'er a set of bowlers
 So far and near renown'd:
 We twist and screw, and with grimace
 We coax the bowl around,
 And a bowling, &c.

We have the finest bowling green,
 There's none with us can vie;
 Tho' void of mugs, and pots and jugs,
 To drink when we're a-dry,
 And a bowling, &c.

The rudiments and sciences
 In bowling may be found,
 For 'tis in vain to think to bowl,
 Till you first know the ground,
 And a bowling, &c.

From bowling we may learn too
 The patience of a Job;
 For as in bowling, so in life,
 We bear with many a rub,
 And a bowling, &c.

What

What trifles men contend for,
In bowling's understood;
Where mortals sweat, and fret, and vex,
About a piece of wood,
And a bowling, &c.

The fickleness of fortune
In emblem here is seen;
For often those that touch the block;
Are thrown out of the green,
And a bowling, &c.

Of courtiers and of bowlers,
The fortune is the same;
Each jostles t'other out of place,
And plays a sep'rate game,
And a bowling, &c.

In bowling, as in battle,
The leader's apt to claim
The glory to himself,
Though the followers get the game,
And a bowling, &c.

A challenge from the best;
We value not a straw,
Both first and second too must yield,
If we do once but draw,
And a bowling, &c.

The Jack is like a young coquet,
Each bowl resembles man,
They follow wheresoe'er she leads,
As close as e'er they can,
And a bowling, &c.

What tho' they fetch a compass round,
The byas draws them in;
And he that lies the closest to't,
Cock-sure he is to win,
And a bowling, &c.

Alas ! here's one that knocks it off,
 And touches to a hair !
 Hold, hold an inch——your tongue, you dog——
 A pox ! I can't forbear,
 And a bowling, &c.

Here, quickly bring a reed, boy,
 And measure't out of hand ;
 The case is clear, 'tis lost, 'tis lost,
 You cannot make it stand,
 And a bowling, &c.

For tho' in other gaming,
 A block-head be a jest,
 Yet he that's nearest block-head,
 In bowling is the best,
 And a bowling, &c.

Then to the rose : —— of bowling
 Now we have had our fill,
 Let's lay aside our Jack, boys,
 And each man take his Gill,
 And a bowling, &c.

Song CCXIII. *Bobbing Joan.*

MAids like courtiers must be woo'd,
 Most by flatt'ry are subdu'd ;
 Some capricious, coy or nice,
 Out of pride protract the vice ;
 But they fall
 One and all,
 When we bid up to their price.

Song CCXIV. *O Bessy Bell.*

A Curse attends that woman's love,
 Who always would be pleasing ;
 The pertness of the billing dove,
 Like tickling, is but teasing.

What

What then in love can woman do?
If we grow fond, they shun us;
And when we fly them, they pursue,
But leave us when they have won us.

Song CCXV. *Blest as th' immortal Gods.*

THE pine its lofty top displays,
His boughs with green profusion spread;
But shatter'd by the lightning's blaze,
Sinks in the dust his blasted head.

Such is the tyrant's varied state;
In prosp'ring pride he climbs the skies,
But punish'd by avenging fate,
The low-sunk wretch dejected dies.

Song CCXVI. *When first I sought my Jenny's
Love.*

FAME of Hermilia's conquests, brought
The god of love her charms to view;
'T'woud wound the unwary maid he thought,
But soon became her captive too.

He drops half drawn his feeble bow,
He look'd, he rav'd, he sigh'd, he pin'd,
And wish'd, in vain, he had been now,
As painters falsely draw him, blind.

Disarm'd, he to his mother flies.
Help, Venus, help thy wretched son;
Who now will pay us sacrifice,
Since love's himself, alas! undone?

To Cupid now no lover's pray'r,
Shall be address'd, with suppliant sighs,
Thy darts are gone; but oh! beware,
Fond mortals, of Hermilia's eyes.

Song CCXVII. *Tho' late I was a Cobler's
Wife*

OF old we read of Nymphs that stray'd
Parnassus' heights upon-a,
And bards of fame that sipp'd the stream
Of heav'nly Helicon-a;
But now, alas! 'tis come to pass
Such beings are all flown-a;
Both muse and bard, without regard,
Have left us all alone-a.

Song CCXVIII. *As Celia near a Fountain
lay.*

TO heal the wound the bee had made,
Upon my Delia's face,
It's honey to the wound she laid,
And bid me kiss the place.
Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the wound
Suck'd both the sweet and smart;
The honey on my lips I found,
The sting went thro' my heart.

Song CCXIX. *Ye Commons and Peers,*

COME, let us prepare,
We brothers that are
Met together on merry occasion;
Let us drink, laugh, and sing,
Our wine has a spring,
Here's a health to an accepted mason.

The world is in pain,
Our secret to gain,
But still let them wonder and gaze on;
Till they're shewn the light,
They'll ne'er know the right
Word, or sign of an accepted mason.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what;
Why so many great men in the nation
Should aprons put on,
To make themselves one
With a free and an accepted mason.

Great kings, dukes and lords,
Have laid by their swords,
This our myst'ry to put a good grace on;
And ne'er been ashamed
To hear themselves nam'd
With a free and an accepted mason.

Antiquity's pride
We have on our side,
It makes each man just in his station;
There's nought but what's good,
To be understood
By a free and an accepted mason.

We're true and sincere,
We're just to the fair,
They'll trust us on ev'ry occasion;
No mortal can more
The ladies adore
Than a free and an accepted mason.

Then join hand in hand,
To each other firm stand,
Let's be merry, and put a bright face on:
What mortal can boast
So noble a toast,
As a free and an accepted mason?

Song CCXX. *The sweet rosy Morning.*

THE sweet rosy morning
 Peeps over the hills,
 With blushes adorning
 The meadows and fields;
 While the merry, merry, merry horn calls,
 Come, come, come away,
 Awake from your slumber,
 And hail the new day.

The stag rous'd before us,
 Away seems to fly,
 And pants to the chorus
 Of hounds in full cry.
 Then follow, follow, follow, follow
 The musical chase,
 Where pleasure and vigorous
 Health you embrace.

The day's sport, when over,
 Makes blood circle right,
 And gives the brisk lover
 Fresh charms for the night.
 Then let us, let us now enjoy
 All we can while we may,
 Let love crown the night,
 As our sports crown the day.

Song CCXXI. *Why is your faithful Slave
 disdain'd, &c.*

IF love the virgin's heart invade,
 How like a moth the simple maid
 Still plays about the flame!
 If soon she be not made a wife,
 Her honour's findg'd, and then for life
 She's——what I dare not name.

Song CCXXII. *Iantbe the lovely.*

LOrd Pam in the church (could you think it ?) kneel'd
 down,
 When told that the Duke was just come to town ;
 His station despising, unaw'd by the place,
 He flies from his God, to attend on his Grace :
 To the court it was fitter to pay his devotion,
 Since God had no hand in his Lordship's promotion.

Song CCXXIII *All in the Downs the Fleet was
 moor'd.*

Poor Celia once was very fair ;
 A quick bewitching eye she had,
 With lustre shone her braided hair,
 Her rosy cheeks would make you mad ;
 Upon her lips did all the graces play,
 And on her breast ten thousand Cupids lay.

Then many a doating lover came,
 From seventeen till twenty-one ;
 Each told her of his mighty flame ;
 But she (forsooth) affected none ;
 One was not handsome, t'other was not fine,
 This of tobacco smelt, and that of wine.

But, t'other day, it was my fate
 To walk along that way alone,
 I saw no coach before her gate,
 But, at the door, I heard her moan :
 She dropt a tear, and, sighing, seem'd to say,
 Young ladies, marry, marry while you may.

Song CCXXIV. *Whilst I gaze on Chloë trem-
 bling.*

Flutt'ring spread thy purple pinions,
 Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart ;
 I a slave in thy dominions,
 Nature must give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
 Nightly nodding o'er their flocks;
 See my weary days consuming,
 All beneath yon flow'ry rocks.

Thus the Cyprian Goddess weeping,
 Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth;
 Him the boar, in silence creeping,
 Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers,
 Fair discretion string the lyre,
 Sooth my ever-waking slumbers,
 Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
 Arm'd in adamantine chains,
 Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
 Wat'ring soft Elysium plains.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
 Gilding my Aurelia's brow,
 Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
 Hear me make my dying vow.

Melancholy smooth Meander,
 Swiftly purling in a round,
 On thy margin lovers wander,
 With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
 Softly seeks some silent mate,
 See the bird of Juno stooping,
 Melody resigns to fate.

Song CCXXV. *Woes my heart, &c.*

Speak on, — speak thus, and still my grief,
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under
 These fears, that soon will want relief,
 When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.

A gentler

A gentler face, and silk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
Alake poor me! will now conspire,
To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

No more the shepherd who excell'd
The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell,
Ah! I can die, but never funder.
Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander.
Sweet scented rucks round which we play'd,
You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again ah! shall I never creep
Around the know with silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty?
Hear, heaven, while solemnly I vow,
Tho' thou shouldst prove a wandering lover,
Throw life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

Song CCXXVI. London is a fine Town.

COME, all ye sons of Adam,
The which do haunt this place;
Come, all you little eves-droppers,
Who pass for babes of grace;
Come, all you shapes and figures,
And as you pass along,
Pray mind a brother animal,
And listen to his song.
Oh! masquerades are fine things
For to delight the eyes;
And tho' they vex the foolish,
They don't offend the wise.

For why should mirth and pleasure,
 And harmless sport and play,
 Or speaking with sincerity,
 Be thought a rude essay ?
 For when we mask our faces,
 We then unmask our hearts ;
 And hide our lesser beauties,
 To shew our better parts.
 Oh ! masquerades, &c.

Here all sorts of conditions
 Are sociable and free,
 They judge not by appearances,
 Which often disagree ;
 A lord will court a skul lion,
 A lady hug a clown ;
 A judge embrace most tenderly
 A madam of the town.
 Oh ! masquerades, &c.

Here party makes no difference,
 No politicians jar ;
 Here statesmen lay aside their pride,
 And with it all their care.
 A Babylonish dialect
 Inspires all the place ;
 Which must produce, no doubt on't,
 A very sprightly race.
 Oh ! masquerades, &c.

Here I an honest calling
 Have chosen at my leisure,
 For profit, by the by, fir,
 But in the main for pleasure :
 For pleasure each man hither comes,
 Each lady comes for pleasure ;
 And, if I'm in the right, fir,
 Why then my song is measure.
 Oh ! masquerades, &c.

Song CCXXVII. *To you, fair Ladies.*

TO all you husbands, and you wives,
 This Punchinello sings,
 For reformation of your lives,
 This good advice he brings;
 That if you would avoid all ill,
 You shou'd leave off the dear Quadrille.
 No tyrant on the earth his slaves
 With greater terror awes,
 With force more absolute behaves,
 Nor gives severer laws.
 Unequal tho' his taxes fall,
 They're with a smile receiv'd by all.
 How many beauties, rich in charms,
 Are subject to his will!
 The bride, when in the bridegroom's arms,
 Still thinks on dear Quadrille.
 Her spouse her body may enroll,
 Quadrille is master of her soul.
 The China people (sailors say)
 When they have lost their pence,
 Their family and selves will play,
 Heav'n keep that custom hence:
 For beauties of the first degree
 May so be slaves to some Marquee.

Song CCXXVIII. *As down in a Meadow one
 Morning I past.*

THE sportsmen keep hawks, and their quarry the gain;
 Thus the woodcock, the partridge, the pheasant is slain;
 What care and expence for their hounds are employ'd!
 Thus the fox, and the hare, and the stag are destroy'd.
 The spaniel they cherish, whose flatt'ring way
 Can, as well as their masters, cringe, fawn, and betray;
 Thus staunch politicians, look all the world round,
 Love the men who can serve as hawk, spaniel, or hound.

Song CCXXIX. *Cold and raw, &c.*

IF any wench Venus' girdle wear,
 Tho' she be never so ugly ;
 Lillies and roses will quickly appear,
 And her face look wond'rous smugly.
 Beneath the left ear so fit but a cord
 (A rope so charming a zone is!)
 The youth in his cart hath the air of a lord,
 And we cry, there dies an Adonis.

Song CCXXX. *Of all the simple things we do, &c.*

A Maid is like the golden ear,
 Which hath guineas intrinsical in't,
 Whose worth is never known before
 It is try'd and imprest in the mint.
 A wife's like a guinea in gold,
 Stamp'd with the name of her spouse ;
 Now here, now there ; is bought, or is sold ;
 And is current in every house.

Song CCXXXI. *What shall I do to shew, &c.*

Virgins are like the fair flower in its lustre,
 Which in the garden enamels the ground ;
 Near it the bees in play flutter and cluster,
 And gaudy butterflies frolick around.
 But, when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,
 To Covent-Garden 'tis sent (as yet sweet)
 There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring ;
 Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

Song CCXXXII. *'Twas within a Furlong.*

IN pimps and politicians,
 The genius is the same ;
 Both raise their own conditions
 On others guilt and shame.
 With a tongue well tipt with lies,
 Each the want of parts supplies,
 And, with a heart that's all disguise,
 Keeps his schemes unknown.
 Seducing as the devil,
 They play the tempter's part,
 And have, when most they're civil,
 Most mischief in their heart.
 Each a secret commerce drives,
 First corrupts, and then connives,
 And by his neighbours vices thrives,
 For they are all his own.

Song CCXXXIII. *Ye Nymphs and Sylvan Gods.*

IHate those cowardly tribes,
 Who by mean sneaking bribes,
 By trick and disguise,
 By flattery and lies,
 To power and grandeur rise.
 Like heroes of old,
 You are greatly bold,
 The sword your cause supports :
 Untaught to fawn,
 You ne'er were drawn
 Your truth to pawn
 Among the spawn
 Who practise the frauds of courts.

Song CCXXXIV. *Happy Clown.*

IT was the charming month of May,
 When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
 One morning by the break of day,
 Sweet Chloe, chaste and fair,
 From peaceful slumbers she arose,
 Girt on her mantle and her hose,
 And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,
 To breathe a purer air.

Her looks so sweet, so gay her mien,
 Her handsome shape, and dress so clean,
 She look'd all o'er like beauty's queen,
 Drest in her best array.
 The gentle winds and purling stream,
 Essay'd to whisper Chloe's name,
 The savage beasts, till then ne'er tame,
 Wild adoration pay.

The feather'd people one might see,
 Perch'd all around her on a tree,
 With notes of sweetest melody,
 They act a chearful part.
 The dull slaves on the toilome plow,
 Their wearied necks and knees do bow,
 A glad subjection there they vow,
 To pay with all their heart.

The bleating flocks that then came by,
 Soon as the charming nymph they spy,
 They leave their hoarse and rueful cry,
 And dance around the brooks:
 The woods are glad, the meadows smile,
 And froth that foam'd and roar'd e'er while,
 Glides calmly down, and smooth as oil,
 Thro' all its charming crooks.

The finny squadrons are content
To leave their wat'ry element,
In glazie numbers down they bent,
They flutter all along.
The insects, and each creeping thing,
Join'd to make up the rural ring,
All frisk and dance, if we but sing,
And make a jovial throng.

Kind Phœbus now began to rise,
And paint with red the eastern skies,
Struck with the glory of her eyes,
He shines behind a cloud :
Her mantle on a bough she lays,
And all her glory she displays,
She left all nature in amaze,
And skipp'd into the wood.

Song CCXXXV. *Bacchus must now, &c.*

Bacchus must now his power resign,
I am the only god of wine ;
It is not fit that the wretch should be
In competition set with me,
Who can drink ten times more than he.

Make a new world, ye powers divine,
Stock'd with nothing else but wine ;
Let wine its only product be,
Let wine be earth, be air, and sea,
And let that wine be all for me.

Let other mortals vainly wear
A tedious life in anxious care :
Let the ambitious toil and think,
Let states or empires swim or sink,
My sole ambition is to drink.

Song CCXXXVI. *When Fanny, blooming
Fair,*

FAIR maidens, O beware
Of using men too well!
Their pride is all their care,
They only kiss to tell.
How hard the virgin's fate!
While ev'ry way undone;
The coy grow out of date,
They're ruin'd, if they're won.

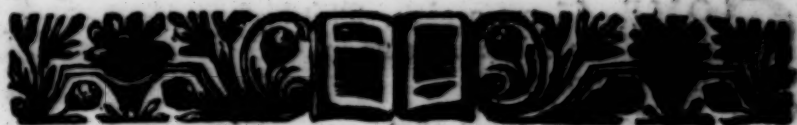
Song CCXXXVII. *The wakeful Nightingale.*

THE wakeful nightingale, that takes no rest,
While Cupid warms his little little breast:
All night how sweetly he complains,
And makes us fear that he has pains!
No, no, no, no, 'tis no such thing,
For love that makes him wake,
For loves that makes him wake,
Makes him sing.

Song CCXXXVIII. *Kirk wad let me be.*

DUTY and part of reason,
Plead strong on the parents side,
Which love, superior, calls treason;
The strongest must be obey'd;
For now, tho' I'm one of the gentry,
My constancy falsehood repels;
For change in my heart has no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excels.

The End of the Second VOLUME.



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 God of sleep, for whom I languish,
 Gin thou we'rt mine en'e thing,

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H.

HARK how the trumpet sounds to battle!
 Hid from himself, now by the dawn,
 Help me, each harmonious grove,
 Hark! the bonny Christ-church bells 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,
 How well may life be term'd a play,
 How cruel are the traytors,
 How sweetly smells the summer green,
 How shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
 Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
 How blyth ilk morn was I to see,
 Here's a health to the King, and a lasting peace,
 Here are the best horses,

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I.

IN beauty or wit,
 I'll languish no more at the glance of your eye,
 If from the lustre of the sun,
 In ancient days I've heard, with horns,
 If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares;
 If Corinna would but hear,
 I yield, dear lassie, you have won,
 I tofs and tumble thro' the night,
 Itinerants we are, and merrily agree,
 I sing not old Jason, who travell'd thro' Greece,
 Jocky was a dawdly lad,
 If I live to grow old, for I find I grow down,
 I dream't I saw a piteous sight,
 In vain, fond shepherd, is thy suit, in vain,
 I am a jolly bowler,
 If love the virgin's heart invade,
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 Poor Celia once was very fair,

R.

Ranging the plain, one summer's night,
 Restrained from the sight of my dear,

S.

SURE ne'er was a dog so wretched as I,
 Say, good master Bacchus, astride on your Bat,
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 Sure woman was at first design'd,
 Swain, thy hopeless passion smother,
 Send back my long stray'd eyes to me,
 Strephon, when you see me fly,
 Strephon, how can you cruel prove,
 Slaves to London, I'll deceive you,
 See, see, she wakes, Sabina wakes,
 Speak on, — speak thus, and still my grief,

T.

Thro' all the conditions of life,
 The Macedon youth,
 'Tis int'rest that governs mankind,
 The utmost care the Greeks could shew,
 The lass that would know how to manage a man,
 Tell me, Hamilla, tell me why,
 Tell me, tell me, charming creature,
 The lass of Peaty's mill,
 To this moment a rebel, I throw down my arms,
 The modes of the court so common are grown,
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